MY NOTE-BOOK;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM THE GALLERY OF St. STEPHENS.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

WILFRED WOODFALL, ESQ.

SECOND EDITION.

—Εριζον ες προς αλλήλο[illegible]—

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TO

DANIEL WITTOL HARVEY,

EX-"LEGISLATORIAL ATTORNEY,"

WHOSE MATCHLESS BOLDNESS OF STYLE

HAS SO OFTEN

FILLED ME WITH AMAZEMENT;

AND

THROUGH WHOSE SENATORIAN DÉCHÉANCE

"THE WORLD HAS WANTED MANY A"

SPLENDID SPEECH;

THESE SKETCHES ARE

INSCRIBED, DEVOTED, DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

WHATEVER objections may be urged against the Sketches now presented to the public, it will not at least be denied that they have been drawn with impartiality. The adherent of no party, I have no political purpose to serve, no political feeling to gratify. I have seen enough of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, to make me reject the opinions on which they advance their respective claims to constitutional purity: and I candidly acknowledge, in the consciousness of my inability

to "turn from the error of my ways," that I have not yet received *a call* to declare myself a follower of the *Saints.*

The brief delineations I have given contemplate rather the manner than the man; his peculiarities rather than his principles. It were needless to observe, that the former, when extravagant or strongly marked, have in all ages been considered as legitimate a subject for satire, as the latter for animadversion when found reprehensible or vicious.

I shall not say, in the affected diffidence of some incorrigible jinglers in rhyme, that "the following pages

were never intended to meet the public eye," for I have written them with no other intention; nor shall I urge, in favour of them, that "I have adopted the suggestions of some kind friends, whose judgment I respect," for I have given everlasting offence to three of my most intimate friends by declining to avail myself of their gratuitous co-operation. The whole three made me a voluntary tender of their services in the important article of a Preface; but so inordinate was my vanity, that I gave a preference to my own judgment; and, if the sale of the work should suffer on that account, I have nobody to blame but myself. One of them exclaimed, on seeing the manuscript, "Woodfall, my dear fellow! I am so delighted with your Sketches

that I shall most gladly introduce them to the public, with a few smart lines of my own composition." Another, equally prompt to serve me, offered that moment to do something in the style of Swift, as most appropriate to the occasion: and the third had actually taken up the pen; and, in his officious zeal, covered four sheets of foolscap with specimens of wit from Rabelais, Voltaire, Pope, Sterne, &c. before I could induce him to desist. This latter gentleman, who is a personage of goodly port, with a florid complexion, always carrying a cane, and wearing a profusion of powder, was so disgusted with my bad taste in not accepting a piquant composition, which he thought worthy of a place on the shelves of the Sosii,

that he declared he would leave me "deserted in my utmost need," and not write a prologue for a Comedy of mine, which has waited Mr. Elliston's leisure ever since he first became lord of the ascendant in the Green Room of Old Drury.

In making my heroes speak in rhyme, I never intended that, like Homer's heroes, they should speak in poetry;—that would be quite out of character; for, among them all, there is not one who shows anything of the "*mens divinior*," except L-rd L--th-r; and to him I found it impossible to do justice. A rich harvest remains yet to be reaped, and I shall probably be induced to go again into the same field,

or one immediately contiguous to it, should the public be of opinion, that on the present occasion my sickle has not been uselessly employed. As for the critics, let them do their worst, it shall give me no uneasiness. Such of them as have minds superior to the undue influence of passion or prejudice, I shall always respect, whatever may be their decision; those who have not, I shall always despise.

WILFRED WOODFALL.

London; June, 1821.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The very favourable reception which the first edition of this little work has met with, is the more gratifying to the Author, as it assures him that legitimate satire, under any circumstances, cannot fail to be duly appreciated. Nor can he forbear from expressing his satisfaction, that a body of gentlemen with whom he is associated—a body exceeded by no other in the empire for talent and discrimination—recognized at once the identity of his portraits with the originals from which

they were taken. He is at present engaged in another work of a similar description, but more varied and interesting in its details; and it shall be his object to render it, as far as possible, worthy the liberal support which his first effort has experienced.

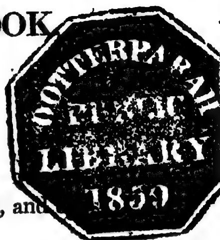
London; April 2, 1822.

MY NOTE-BOOK

&c.

I.

Reader, while coffee, tea, and toast, and



Invite thy palate, at the breakfast hour;
While Pug with anxious expectation begs,—
Pugs e'en like men can butter'd toast devour;
While, thus at ease, reposing both your legs
On fender bright as kitchen wench could scour,
You tear the wrapper from the teeming sheet,*
Long speeches to con over,—(I'd much rather eat).

II.

Ah, reader! then forget not those, I pray,
Whose labours yield thee such unfeign'd delight;

---

* The Newspaper.

And, while the mass of minion* you survey,

Think on St. Stephen's, and each hapless wight

Who, seated there full oft till break of day,

Still notes but nonsense through the live long night,

Which he, to sense must turn, in language good;

Else who, in all the world, would read poor M-th-w W—d?

III.

I've prov'd it oft—*haud inexpertus loquor*,

And oft I wish'd the Marquis de Chabannes†

Had prov'd the ordeal of a red-hot poker,

When he devis'd his calorific plan

---

* Small print.

† This goodly personage has nearly roasted the Members of the House of Commons by his ingenious device for introducing hot air through the different parts of that building. Hence, an hon. alderman, equally remarkable for good humour and corpulency, observed, upon one occasion, "that they might as well be legislating over the *cretur* (crater) of Mount Vesuvius."

To parch his very bones for sapless Cr-k-r,

His native vizor blanch, for little Van;

Oh! I could blow—but I'll restrain my wrath,

"Sheep's heads," says St—gs B—rne* "are good for
making broth."

Sheep's heads! ye gods! what human head sustains

A heavier mass of more congenial brains

Than thine, O P-t-r! far-fam'd P-t-r M—re?

"All other *heads* appear so *lean*, so poor!"†

But here I find heroics lead me on;

Then let them so, with stanzas I'll have done:

---

* This right hon. gentleman thinks that, in workhouses, very good broth might be made from sheep's heads. So think I; and the country will doubtless fully appreciate so valuable a discovery. Within the last twenty years wonderful advances have been made in the science of political economy.

† "Read Homer once, and you need read no more,
"All other works appear so mean, so poor."

Stanzas let Byron write, and Murray vend,—
Murray the last to prove an author's friend,
Unless the name a title recommend*.

A DEBATE.

Here shall I now, by prejudice unsway'd,
The slave of none in politics who trade,
Describe a doughty senatorian fight,
Which called forth all the formidable might
Of fierce opponents, never known to lag
When urg'd by P-t-r, or provok'd by B—gge.
The theme inspires; lo! P-t-r in his place
Displays the volume of his ample face,
And shows an index,—what shall be my rhyme?—
A country clock that "takes no note of time."
E'en such a face displays to public view,
To prove the works inside are never true.

* Perhaps this is the only bookseller in Europe who looks *to* an author's title, and not *at* his *title-page*. Sagacious Mr. John Murray!

With parchment roll soon on the floor he's seen,
The dauntless champion of his injur'd queen;
His wig awry, his fists inflicting blows
To shake the table under Dyson's* nose.
Yet warmer still he waxes while he reads
A labour'd list of C-st—r—gh's misdeeds,
Sent up from Coventry his zeal to prove,
He talks of motions, W-lsn† cries out "*move!*"
He swells, he foams, impatient for debate,
Sly whining B-nks protrudes his powder'd pate;
While from the bench, where W-l-b-r-f-rce and Co.
Their saintly pates in meek seclusion shew;

* This respectable individual was chief clerk at St. Stephen's at the time here alluded to, but has since retired.

† Not the staid and circumspect Mr. T. W-l-s-n, whose well-curled peruke so happily harmonizes with his placid countenance. It will scarcely be necessary to say that the gallant knight was the person who encouraged P-t-r on the occasion.

A sidelong glance he casts but to descry
A stupid scowl from P-t-r's stupid eye.
P-t-r proceeds resistless in his course:
P-t-r is cheer'd,—he raves, till he gets hoarse;
In vain to order does D—c—k M—t—n rise,
So D—c—k sits down, and P-t-r still defies
All interruption, while the Sp—k-r bland
In accents mild gives him to understand
No breach of order yet had taken place;
—"I'm sure, (says P-t-r, standing near the mace,
And looking most complacently at D—c—k,)
I'd be the last against the house to kick: *(a laugh)*
But language now, sir, cannot be too bold,
The honest truth is now what must be told;
I'll let it out, the matter I'll not mince;
I'll make a base administration wince.

I know some facts,—yes, that I do, I'm sure,—
The Noble Lord may think himself secure,
But all his actions, soon, must come to light,
And, goodness gracious, what a horrid sight!
Who sent out L—ch? who sent out C—k and Br-wn.
And P-w-l, too, to take the falsehoods down,
Which ev'ry wretch in Italy could bring?
The ministers have done the very thing."

A moment's pause, and now does P-t-r's throat
Resume its croaking with an alter'd note;
In elegiac tenderness he melts;
Thus hail dissolves, when hail no longer pelts.

"My friend," he cries, "whose loss we all deplore;
My dear lamented friend, who's now no more—
Poor Sheridan (here P-t-r looks so droll,
A grin he wrenches from old W—sl-y Pole,)

Observ'd one day, I met him in the Park,
'P-t-r,' says he, 'the day looks very dark.'
'It does,' says I; 'but, never mind,' says he,
'Much darker days than this you'll live to see.'
I've seen them, sir,—his words were true indeed;—
Unhappy England! in your utmost need,
You lost a man, as much above the praise
Of Major Cartwright, or of Father Hayes,*
As London monument, on which we stare,
Is rais'd above the chimneys of Rag-Fair:
He was a man, 'take him for all in all,'
That Shakspeare might the pride of Denmark call;

(A laugh.)

---

* The venerable Major has, for some time past, taken unto himself this most respectable divine and excellent man, as a worthy associate in the good cause of Radical Reform.

And much I fear—indeed all hopes are vain,
' We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'
His tomb I rais'd,—the tribute was sincere;
Th' expense was heavy,—but the friend was dear.
The Noble Lord, I see, is pleas'd to smile;
But there's not one in all his rank and file,
Who, when the Noble Lord is cold and dead,
Will ever place a stone above his head.
I need not say how fully I agree
In this petition, from electors free,—
From men, whose tongues no gagging-bills can fetter,
They know me well, and no man knows them better.

(A laugh.)

A Bill of Pains and Penalties, they think
A foul disgrace, as black as printer's ink;

I think so too,—my thoughts I'll never screen;
God help the nation, and God save the queen!
I now, sir, move,—I'd fain say more, if able,—
That this petition lie upon the table.
Had I said less, I'd surely be to blame:
Why, sir, my cheeks would blush with burning shame
Before my friends at Coventry to come,
Or catch a passing glimpse at Peeping Tom."

(A laugh.)

BR-GGE.

With paunch obese, and gills of livid hue,
B—ggc shews his legs have nothing else to do
But to sustain the said fat paunch and gills—
A blockhead's part, while that great blockhead fills
To answer P-t-r,—at his post he stands,
Alternately exerting both his hands,

An oscillating balance to maintain,
Like a fat porpoise rocking in the main ;
His head enforcing, with redoubled shakes,
The dulness which for argument he takes ;
He looks profound, and, conscious of his lore,
The House already feels dispos'd to snore :
A solitary finger he uplifts,
Which, from his nose, perpetually he shifts,
To cut right angles in the empty space
Between that nose, and P-t-r's vacant face :
The finger, thus presented to our view,
An equal length exhibits with the queue
That guards a bunch of venerable hair,
The last fair honour of a cranium bare :
Diffuse as dull, he talks till patience tires,
Yet patience still the prosing dolt requires,

Nor heeds, if nausea make his audience retch,
Provided he exgurgitates a speech.
Truth, it is said, must in a well be sought,
And, with a rope, is from the bottom brought.
B—gge's wisdom lies in that capacious pump
Which acts in perfect concert with his rump;
Thence does he draw, and, of this sort of stuff,
Thinks, while he pumps, he ne'er can pump enough.
"If principles 'gainst principles be set,
Then let those principles be fairly met:
I mean sound principles,—the House will see
That principles, in which we all agree,
Are not like principles that raise a doubt:
Now, sir, a man may often turn about,
And take up principles oppos'd to those;
But, what's the consequence? no mortal knows.

This, sir, I think, does certainly embrace
The great and leading features of the case.
The honourable member has no right
A premature discussion to invite
Upon a Bill drawn-up with so much care,
And now in progress, as we know, elsewhere:
I deprecate the cause he has pursu'd
As calculated only to delude.
Why, sir, we know that inferences just,
Are drawn from premises when well discuss'd;
Some measures may be censur'd in detail,
But the great principle will never fail,
When, from the proposition, comes that sense
Which proves the necessary consequence. *(A laugh.)*
My noble friend and I have ever tried,
Upon this principle, our plans to guide;

But, I lament, sir, that in times like these,
Do what they will, no ministers can please:
The doctrines, now, so openly avow'd,
No end can serve, but to mislead the crowd;
The honourable member I commend
For having prais'd his 'dear departed friend;'
But, no reflections ought he to have cast
On the first pilot,—yes, the first and last
That ever guided, or shall ever steer,
The helm of state,—my noble colleague here."

P-t-r explains.

"What I have said is, as the gospel, true;
If he were dead, none would be found to rue,
Save and except those servants who have board
And furnish'd lodgings from the Noble Lord,
With all the placemen, who on taxes thrive,
And best can prosper while their friend's alive."

B—GGE.

" Sir, these are words 'gainst which I must protest,
Not that I think they can at all molest
The noble ears: *(a loud laugh.)* I cannot comprehend
What gentlemen, by that loud cheer, intend;
My noble friend, I'm sure, does not regard
The bold prediction which we just have heard,
Yet hear no language ought we to admit—"

P-t-r rises to order.

" The chair will judge if mine has been unfit."
Once more for P-t-r does the chair decide,
B—gge looks confus'd, and, bloating in his pride,
Regains his legs, then thrice, with P-t-r's knob,
Exchanges an intelligible bob;
And thus concludes—" No member can look at
The tone, the spirit, substance, *and all that,*

Of this petition, but must soon confess,
That one so bold no member ought to press:
Yet, still my strong objections I'll withdraw,
Lest factious men who violate the law,
My sentiments and motives should malign;
There is not from the Tiber to the Rhine,
Or, thence again to the Boristhenes,
A minister more ready to appease
All irritation in the land, than I;
Or less reluctant promptly to comply
With those requests in which we find involv'd
A question which has never yet been solv'd,
As it relates to principles that mark
A tendency to shatter freedom's ark,
And leave us floating on a stormy sea;—
Now, sir, the question does appear to me

Of such importance, that, while I exist,
The slightest innovation I'll resist,
Upon a system which includes the whole
Of those grand principles, whose strong control
Represses ev'ry effort to release
The social body from the bonds of peace."

(Cheers and laughter.)

B—N—T.

B—n—t is fir'd, his eyes to B—gge he turns,
His gen'rous soul with indignation burns;
B—n—t, who, living, for each creature lives,
Who both his ears with prompt delusion gives
To ev'ry sharper, swindler, knave, or thief,
If he, who asks them, will but ask relief.
B—n—t, save whom, no one on earth can vie.
In gaol distinction, with good Mrs. Fry:

Their zeal the same, alike they seek renown,
And are belov'd by all the gangs in town.
The closing words of B—gge's sublime appeal,
A heat excite which none beside could feel;
While thus the man of mankind shews the flame
That glow'd within the bosom whence it came.
"Why, sir,—Why, sir, this language—who can bear?
Shall any man,—shall any man now dare
To tell the House how much he condescends
When his conceit our common-sense offends?
Shall any man thus venture to presume?
(Hear, hear, from Cr—v—y; roaring cheers from H-me.)
Shall any man——? but all I must not say;—
(In a solemn and subdued cadence.)
My tongue must not my swelling heart obey;

My outrag'd feelings let me here suppress,
Lest, haply, they may urge me to transgress.
When the right honourable member tries
To prove how much he can our freedom prize;
Must he forget?—Must he forget?—Must he?—
Must he forget that Englishmen are free?
I know not, sir, what language he likes best;
His ear, I'm sure, is not the proper test;
But this I know, that ev'ry single line
Of this petition well accords with *mine*.
And, here, sir, let me yet a moment claim,
To state a fact that casts reproach and shame
On one who could abuse, in guilty hour,
The sacred trust of magisterial pow'r;
His name at present I forbear to give;
But yet his deeds, like water through a sieve,

Shall find their way ;—and, dropping on the House,

(Loud laughter.)

Let no man say my mountain breeds a mouse:—

(With a look of indignant reproof.)

A little boy, who drove a little ass,
A month ago, through Fulham chanc'd to pass:
Two pendent baskets, which the donkey bore,
Contain'd its master's last remaining store
Of baking-apples, which, in tedious route,
The little vagrant daily hawk'd about.
Not far from Fulham had he bent his way,
When his poor ass with fear began to bray;
And well it might,—for soon a fellow grapples
The harmless lad, and tumbles out his apples.
But, why this outrage?—Sir, I know not why,—
Except, that in each basket chanc'd to lie



A quartern loaf, which some vile baker swore
Had left *his* basket half an hour before,
Alleging, as a proof of what he said,
That he could well identify the bread;
And that the boy upon his dog had gain'd,
While he was by a customer detain'd.
Was ever tale more clearly void of truth?—
Yet, neither could the innocence nor youth
Of this poor lad secure him from a gaol;
He had no friends, so could procure no bail.
The magistrate, a scandal to the land,
Refus'd to listen,—would not understand
The artless story which the prisoner told,—
How he bought bread his apples when he sold,
To Newgate, sir, at once he had him sent,
And, still on cruel violence intent,

He thus address'd him, with unfeeling heart:—
'You graceless thief, your back is sure to smart;
The cat shall teach you people's goods to pass,
And steal no loaves when next you drive your ass.'
These were the words, the barb'rous words, he spoke;
But words cannot describe the piteous look
Which the dumb brute, with terror and dismay,
Cast on the boy, as he was borne away.
Now, sir, I ask, is not this flagrant case
To British justice a most foul disgrace?
Can we,—can we,—I say, sir, can we sit
Within these walls, and such disgrace permit?
The Noble Lord may bear it as he will;
But, as for me, my duty I'll fulfil,
And 'drag the struggling monster into day,'
Who dar'd to act——, *(Hear, hear, from C-st—rgh;)*—

Yes, this I'll do,—I tell the Noble Lord,
Unless the boy is to his ass restor'd." *(A laugh)*

C-st—rgh.

In native ease, see C-st—rgh* stand forth,
By native ease to give his nonsense worth;
Whole hours in cold dilation can he spend,
To talk a jargon none can comprehend;
Yet, specious in absurdity, he gains
Attention, and our ridicule restrains.
He thus proceeds:—" The House, I think, will find
That matters may with questions be combin'd;
Which have no *common texture in their loom*,
If party will be *warp'd* to give them room;
Th' invectives we have heard from t'other side
Came floating on the *perforating tide*

* This celebrated functionary has just become Marquis of L———, in consequence of the decease of his father.

Of declamation, and the slimy beach
Is wash'd with all the noxious weeds of speech.
At this conjuncture, when the vital spring
Of moral action takes a *lawless swing ;*
When the pure stream of justice finds its *links*
By faction *question'd* in its public *chinks ;*
When men of probity are sure to fall
Within the reach of that *outrageous gall,*
Which *blinds the senses* and corrupts the heart ;
When none are spar'd who act an honest part ;
When black sedition runs its odious race
To *subjugate the intellectual pace,*
Which leads to social order by a course,
Distinct from mobs and democratic force,
And turns the scale of *equi-pendent pow'r*
Obedient to the working of the hour,—

That working which the Constitution feels,
As each new inpulse operates on wheels
That never cease their circumambient rounds,
Yet never go beyond their proper bounds. *(A laugh.)*
At such a time I see, with great regret,
That in this House some gentlemen are met,
Who draw upon their figurative stores
To countenance the clamour out of doors,
And speak in terms which no man can endure
Of individuals scrupulously pure.
Really, sir, it is too much to brook
That such a worthy man as Mister C—k
Should have his name dragg'd forth to public scorn,
No better man, I'm sure, was ever born.
The breath of calumny cou'd never reach
The spotless character of Sir John L—ch,—

A man whose mind no pow'r on earth cou'd sway,
If *standing prostrate* justice marr'd the way;
A man, who in his public conduct shews
The private qualities by which he rose; *(A laugh.)*
A man, of all, who knows not to *collapse*,
With *circumstances*, into open *gaps*;
Nor seeks, by *retrogressive* movements, to *advance*
Tho' retrogression may sometimes enhance
The value of that honourable prize
Which fair ambition holds before its eyes;
Yet, ev'n his name cou'd not escape to-night
The sweeping tongue, that with *pernicious blight*
Has analyz'd those gentlemen who went
Upon a mission which was never meant
To act upon the case in any form
That cou'd prejudicate, molest, or harm

The high lady, who, I lament to see,
Has been advis'd, most unadvisedly,
In common justice, sir, to Mister P-w-l,—
(Loud cries of Question, from Sir G-r--d N--l.)
The honourable Baronet mistakes
If he supposes his impatience makes
That strong impression on the organs here,
Which, acting on the *temporary ear*,
He can produce upon another stage
Where sober sense must yield to furious rage.
I say that Mister P-w-l is a man,
Who, since this anxious Milan case began,
To zeal, has* *jin'd* (join'd) much penetrating skill,
Not that I think his zeal dispos'd his will, *(a laugh.)*

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* It is rather surprising, that the Noble Lord, who is so decided an enemy to all political innovation, thinks nothing whatever

To sanction depositions of a sort
That did not fundamentally comport
With facts *concocted* in the *womb of truth.*
These facts he heard; and yet, because, forsooth,
The principle involv'd in their extent
Does not accord with partial sentiment,
He must be censur'd with corrosive spleen;
As if the world unconscious still had been
Of circumstances openly display'd,
And in their nature tending to degrade

---

of making the most arbitrary and capricious changes in the pronunciation of our language, while, almost in every sentence he utters, he offers violence to its structure. By a barbarous fashion, in which he has already got some ridiculous disciples, he pronounces the word *coin, join, loin*, and the like, as if written *kine, jine, line*; and *point, appoint, anoint, &c.* as if written *pint, appint, anint.*

A personage who cou'd so far *embank*
That *royal blood* to which she ow'd her rank ;
As to erect a man of stature tall
(But in his *moral altitude* so *small)*
Into an equal.—Sir, I do conceive
That we shall most egregiously deceive
Our understandings, if we turn our backs
Upon ourselves, and tolerate attacks
That never shou'd be made within that line
On which discussion leads us to combine
The *features* of our senatorian strife.
It is too much to take the *scalping knife*,
And *mow down* characters, like so much hay,
To gain the vulgar plaudits of the day.
The *pint* (point) on which the House shall soon decide,
Stands in its bearings *permanently wide*

Of topics introduced but with the view
Of superjecting an invidious hue
On conduct that will always bear the light.—
(' Yes,' cries Sir G-r—d, ' when kept out of sight.')
What can the honourable member mean?
Does he suppose his wit is yet so keen
As to afford ——"
The Sp—k-r:—" I must, in justice to the House,
observe,
That interruptions, when they widely swerve
From the strict rule of regular debate,
An acrimonious feeling may create.
The honourable member, I must say,
Has from this rule departed a long way."
Sir G-r—d:—" I bow in due submission to the chair,
And reverence th' authority that's there."

C-st—rgh.—" I'm glad the honourable member sees
That he has gone beyond those fix'd degrees
That *bound* the *limits* of our usual walk, *(a laugh.)*
And mark it with imaginary chalk.
We must not, in the aggregate of facts,
Look merely to th' inquisitorial acts
Of gentlemen selected to explore
The actual causes at the very door,
Where this unhappy question took its rise,
And brought the instrument before our eyes;
Nor ought we to obliquities converge,
Upon a case from which we can emerge;
But by proceeding strictly parallel
With all those proofs which nothing can repel,
As in their essence of too deep a *shade*
For human reasoning ever to *invade*,

Or agitate the *colour* that *sustains*
The *hinge* whose working ev'ry *pint* explains.
An honourable member, with a threat,
Which I assure him shall not make me fret,
Has warn'd me of his positive design
To bring a magistrate before the shrine
Of public justice in his proper name,
And sacrifice him to inglorious fame,
Unless a culprit, now the gaoler's charge,
Is with his ass allowed to go at large.
How far this case can possibly relate
To the great question pregnant in the state,
The House will judge; for me, I can't invest
A mind with wisdom that can give no test
Of light descry'd *through intellectual glasses,*
Except a sympathy for thieves and asses. *(Cheers.)*

The House, I'm sure, will never entertain
Petitions of a nature to restrain
The legislative march in its career,
Inverting the great axis of the sphere
That holds th' impatient multitude in check.
(Repeated cheers from S—mn—r and L—gh K—ck.)
Yet though I think the one that has been read,
A daring insult to the heart and head
Of every man who does not yet partake
Of sentiments whose object is to shake
The social fabric in their whirling eddy;
Still, for the reasons so well urg'd already
By my esteemed right honourable friend,
I shall not for a negative contend
Upon a *pint* that certainly might go
By frequent sanction to the overthrow

Of all those sluices that surround the trench,

Which guards the *throne,* the *altar,* and the *bench.*"

(Loud cheers.)

W—NE.

Smell-journal* W—ne, whose undissembled aim

Is to prefer a strong convincing claim

To the high station filled, with so much ease,

By one whom Nature destin'd still to please;

---

* Mr. W. is indebted for this designation to the sarcastic wit of Mr. Br—gh-m, who, upon a certain occasion, represented the honourable gentleman as likely to revive from a fainting fit, by smelling the journals of the House, in the same manner as one of his ancestors had, whose regard for precedents and forms was equally remarkable. No man carries his individual pretensions higher than Mr. W., nor is there any man living less easy of access. Nothing can be more laughable than the authoritative pomposity with which he seeks to display his importance. Much easier would it be for a stranger to obtain any favour, however great, from a Mandarin of the highest button, than a frank from this overweening aristocrat.

Exhibiting in manners most refin'd
A rare example of that polish'd mind
Which needs no contrast with a coarser mould,
To fix on worth the stamp of sterling gold,—
The man of precedents now tunes a voice,
In which *his* ears can constantly rejoice,
While other ears are with impatience found
Escaping the shrill torture of the sound.
Whoe'er has seen, at any time or place,
A hog, the pride of all the swinish race,
With neck compress'd between two rigid bars
Of some strong gate that ev'ry effort mars,
Has surely heard loud squeaks of dreadful pain
Emitted by the hapless brute in vain:
Then let him judge, for he can best suppose
How W—ne proceeded, teeming, as he rose.

With fusty knowledge, and prepar'd to play
A full half-hour, "*stridente stipula.*"
His tune begins:—" I certainly shall show
Such solid reasons as shall make us slow
To sanction language that so stoutly speaks
Seditious sentiments, yet slily seeks
By sinuous sophisms the sense to screen,
And, with pretended interest for the Queen
Casts imputations studiously design'd
To raise up rancour in the public mind.
I could adduce strong precedents in scores
To prove our ancestors had shut the doors
Against petitions much less bold than this:
The strongest is the case of Simon Twiss,
Who, when Elizabeth came to the throne,
Had a young spaniel, which he call'd his own;

But, in th' assertion, Twiss it seems was wrong,
For Cecil's servant swore it must belong
To that fine breed which Francis, king of France,
Had got from Italy, and kept at Nantz;
A breed of which an elder branch he gave
To Henry on the day he chanc'd to shave
That monarch's whisker, when each tried to snatch
The prize of conquest in a tilting match.
This branch, upon his majesty's decease,
Its numbers did considerably increase,
And younger branches through the kingdom spread,
Yet each and every spaniel, that was bred
From any of those branches, was to be
For ever held as royal property.
Twiss argu'd that the breed had long been cross'd,
And therefore all prescriptive right was lost:

His dog, he said, betray'd as vulgar blood
As any that had kennel'd since the flood.
Cecil, however, cut the matter short,—
Returning home, at six o'clock, from court,
He seiz'd the dog, in virtue of descent,
Ere Twiss surmis'd the mischief that was meant.
Remonstrance with the minister was vain,
Cecil resolv'd the spaniel to retain,
Alleging that King Henry, at his death,
Two dogs to him did bounteously bequeath;
From both of which the present one had sprung,
As would appear by looking at his tongue. *(A laugh.)*
Twiss was a bold and most imprudent man,
Nor once regarded how the tenour ran
Of an appeal drawn up with urgent haste,
In vicious language, and more vicious taste.

From Parliament he might have hoped redress,
Had he not rashly ventur'd to express
A doubt that spaniels could be handed down
As gifts descending only from the crown.
This doubt was fatal, as might be expected,
And Twiss's rash petition was rejected."

The Muse in vain would here attempt to trace
W—ne's sage deductions from this cogent case;
Nor could the compass of her varied strain
One quarter of the precedents contain,
Which from his surcharg'd magazine he drew,
To furnish specimens of all he knew.

JOHN CAM.

John Cam, the glory and the rising hope
Of fam'd Sir Francis, now gives ample scope

To flippant strictures, spic'd with flippant wit;
Till D-v-s G-llb-rt* can no longer sit.
In lisping accents, and with formal air,
He thus bespeaks th' attention of the chair:
—" Sir, when I look at all the glorious toil
Of men whose blood has sanctified the soil,
Of men who by their noble efforts broke
That bondage which confess'd the tyrant's yoke;
When I reflect on Hampden in the field,—
On Russell, doom'd a deathless life to yield,—

* This gentleman is considered to have the most mathematical head of any man in the House; but to any thing witty he has an utter aversion; and hence, though on ordinary occasions the last to quit his post when the minister requires his presence, he is frequently seen sneaking out, and bidding a temporary farewell to the chair by a respectful bow, whenever any member of the opposition indulges in pleasantry beyond the measure of the rule and compass.

I can't express the horror and disgust
I feel at precedents, rak'd from the dust
Of odious tyranny, the last offence
That slavish zeal could offer to good sense.
An honourable member has to-night
Done what the dogs in office must delight;
A spaniel he has plac'd upon the floor,
To bark away the people from the door. *(A laugh.)*
Old cases he has cited by the parcel,
To let us see that he has more than Hatsell:*
Yet mouldy records of capricious pow'r
Must shock the mind at this enlightened hour,
And he who delves them from beneath that heap
Of foul and loathsome rubbish where they sleep,
Betrays himself, as much as mortal can,
A ministerial resurrection-man. *(A laugh.)*

* A great authority for parliamentary precedents.

A noble lord, whose rhetoric transcends
The tropes of all his honourable friends,
Has talk'd of 'justice questioned in its chinks,'
And yet this question all the time he blinks.
Now I have chinks I'll ne'er attempt to close,
That vent the tide of feeling as it flows:
Freely it issues, out the stream will come,
I tell the House '*Plenus rimarum sum.*'* *(A laugh.)*
Corruption, sir, notorious as noon-day,
Infects the frame,—what frame I must not say:
Nor is it only Grampound and Penryn
That turn'd out members to let members in
Who could afford to give more ample treats,
And larger offers for their venal seats.

I know some boroughs quite as bad as those,
But which, for reasons, I must not expose.
No pow'r can save us from a dreadful storm,
No pow'r on earth but Radical Reform.

(Hear, hear, and laughter.)

'Tis mighty well for gentlemen to cheer,
Who by corruption live from year to year,
Whose pockets daily would get worse and worse,
If not replenish'd from the public purse.
The name of Radical let these deride,
But as for me, I feel a conscious pride
To own a name that can so well define
The mark'd, the broad, th' interminable line
Between the slave of ev'ry base intrigue,
And him who ne'er can with corruption league.
Th' electors, sir, of Westminster have shewn
A bright example of what may be done,

If men will not their precious rights forego,
But nobly wrest them from the people's foe.
Let those who mock our efforts to repress
Abuses carried to the last excess,
Behold the scene at Manchester, and dare
To charge Reformers with designs unfair.—
That prop of the Church Militant on earth,
Whose late promotion rose from virtue's dearth ;
That pride of parsons, the redoubted H—y,
Who deals destruction when he ought to pray,
Will, doubtless, say, that massacre and blood
Are expiations religiously good
For crimes with awful evil so replete
As meetings that on public evils treat.
But, sir, this doctrine he can never preach,
Except to men whose wits he may impeach.

As to the Queen, a more infernal plot
Was never hatch'd in hell when doubly hot,
Than that by Satan's emissaries fram'd
Against the victim their fell vengeance claim'd.
I can't proceed,—I must get somewhat calmer:"
(Here, down he sat, with cheers from long F-sh P-lm-r.)

D-ck M—t-n.

D-ck M—t-n rises.—D-ck is never found
The last to rise on ministerial ground;
With racy brogue he vindicates his friends,
Who estimate the prompt support he lends
Just in proportion as the mood provokes,
Coughs when he's serious, laughter when he jokes.
This Irish Fuller grapples with John Cam:
—" Now, Mr. Spaker, 'tis an idle sham,—

I say 'tis wasting all our precious time,
To make long speeches, aping Burke's sublime;
(Talking of Burke,—he was my blood relation,
And a great honour to the Irish nation.)
The last harangue was quite beyond all rule,—
A famous sample of that noted school,
Which teaches what our ancestors hereafter———
(D-ck gravely stares, midst frequent bursts of laughter.)
I do protest I cannot see the cause
Why gentlemen will so exert their jaws
At my expense;—but let them laugh away,
Posterity have liv'd to see the day—

(Continued laughter.)

When mad reformers caus'd a dreadful shock,
And brought a martyr'd monarch to the block.

I have a garden, sir, at Connamarra,*
Where Mick Mullowny one day drew the harrow;
' Now Mick,' says I, ' take care of the young trees:'
' Don't fear,' says he, ' 'tis I that sav'd the bees,
And sent them swarming back into the hive;
They came out dead, but now they're all alive.'

(A loud laugh.)

I walk'd away; but, when I came to look
At all the pains the lazy rascal took,
I soon exclaim'd—' You prince of stupid brutes!
Upon my *sowl* you've torn up all the roots!'

---

* This is the name of Mr. M.'s estate in the north-west of Ireland, an estate remarkable for two things,—its extent, and its sterility. There does he hold indisputable sway, there stands the great citadel of his naked dominions—" *Illa se jactet in aula.*"

The fellow stood, and, gaping like a fool,
Listen'd awhile most insolently cool,—
'Then, sir,' says he, 'don't say a word about 'm;
The trees, I know, will grow as well without 'm.'

(Laughter.)

Need I observe how well this case applies
To ev'ry wicked radical who tries
To pluck those roots from which the Church and King,
And all the Lords, and all the Judges, spring?
None will assert, that, if the roots were gone,
The trunks would thrive as hitherto they 've done.
Sir, as for freedom we 've quite enough!—
The May'r of Galway gave a smart rebuff
To one Tim Shaughnessy, the other day,
Who wish'd to dictate rather than obey;

And ask'd the worthy magistrate to call
A public meeting, with intent to brawl
Against the constitution of the land.
'Tim,' says the May'r, 'I'll answer your demand,
By letting Galway see your naked back,
If one word more of politics you clack.
You are, I find, a most *inhuman* pig;
You don't regard the venerable wig
Upon the parson, or the parish priest,—
You've turn'd philosopher, you dirty beast.'

(Much laughter.)

Here is a mayor on whom we can depend,—
I always was and still will be his friend;
His uncle's grandson, Mr. Daly* knows,
To me some lasting obligations owes.

---

* His honourable colleague.

I made him bailiff of my own estate;"—

(Hem! question! question!)

D-ck:—" Wait a little, wait!—

But one word more, sir, and I shall sit down.

(Hear, hear, cries N-l-n;—hear, cries D-n-s B-r-n.)

Horace compar'd his nation to a ship,—

I sometimes into that fine author dip;

And now I say—*O navis novi fluctus*—,"

" I rise to order," cries Sir W—m C-r-tis:

" No member ought to quote broad Irish here."

(A laugh.)

" Irish!" says D-ck: " Irish it may appear

To those who sit in judgment at Guildhall,

To ev'ry alderman both great and small;

But in this house it will be understood

As Latin, *metaphorically* good." *(A laugh.)*

Sir W—m explains.

"Yes, I perceive I made a slight mistake;—"
D-ck:—"I once mistook a gander for a drake.
But, to the point;—I always will defend
The worthy conduct of my noble friend.
He saw the thing most hideous to behold,
And acted with that resolution bold,
Which in such cases knows not how to flinch,
But prosecutes its progress ev'ry inch.
No human creature can suppose, I'm sure,
That Bergami, a varlet so obscure,
Wou'd have been made the queen's chief *major domo*,
Unless this grace and ornament of Como*

* Mr. Canning has represented the royal consort of his Majesty George IV. as the "grace and ornament of every society;"—a sweeping compliment that admits of a general application.

Had priz'd endowments, which at bottom prove
Ramifications of the plant of love." *(Loud laughter.)*

W—D.

Now sapient W—d, that alderman so great,
Who, in the pomp and pageantry of state,
For two whole years a city monarch shone,
Dispensing justice from his cockney throne,
And sending harlots, with their flashmen, hopping,
Beyond the bounds of Temple Bar and Wapping;*

---

* It is but justice to the alderman to say, that, during the two successive years of his mayoralty, he proved himself a most active chief magistrate, and deserved the approbation of his fellow-citizens. He was the terror of thieves and prostitutes; and humanity will applaud the zeal with which he took up the case of the poor Irishmen, who had been made the dupes of wretches as atrocious as any that had ever lain in wait for innocent blood. Upon his public conduct since that period, different opinions have been advanced, according to the political bias of interested partisans; but the merits of those opinions shall not here be discussed.

W—d, whom the halls of Brandenburgh confess
The boldest squire of ladies in distress;
Whom Count Vassali hails with heartfelt glee,
And Countess Oldi calls her *cher ami*,
Because their pensions, as they think, were sav'd
By his emprise, so nobly he behav'd;
Now does he in his wonted style essay
A congruous, clear, consecutive display.
 "I hope and trust the House will not expect
That I shou'd now her Majesty protect,
By telling *of* the various facts I know;
And I *ashore** the House they'll give a blow,—
A blow, that, falling like a clap of thunder,
Will strike the nation and the House with wonder.
I was at breakfast, in my morning gown,
My eldest daughter, then, was out of town;

* Assure.

My youngest boy was sitting by my side;
My eldest son had just gone out to ride;
My cook and butler had that day got marry'd,
And, three months after, the poor bride miscarry'd.

(A laugh.)

I'm thus minute, to shew that I can tell
The very day I heard from Serjeant Pell
A fine quotation,—I forget the book
From which these words the learned Serjeant took: *
' But he who filches from me my good name,'—
Let all the Queen's traducers, to their shame,
Observe the words, and learn at last to stop;—
Now off to France I soon resolv'd to pop.

---

* It is an undoubted fact, that in all cases of defamation, in which the learned Sergeant happens to be professionally engaged, this quotation is as necessary to him as his brief.

I certainly no longer could remain,
From circumstances which I can't explain;
I take no credit in the thing,—not I;
My services I never could deny
To any lady; and for Caroline,
Our gracious Queen! my life I wou'd resign.

(Cheers.)

When I discover'd that the noble lord
Presiding at the Admiralty Board;
His father held a place of pow'r and trust;
He well deserv'd it, no man was more just:
The present peer, I'm *shore** is just likewise!
But, when I look'd, and, op'ning *of* my eyes,
Perceiv'd he had our navy at command,
I could not well the reason understand

* Sure.

Why he refus'd to send a frigate over,
To bring her royal Majesty to Dover.
But, as I long suspected what was meant,
I went to fetch her from the Continent.
Her enemies I knew to be at work,—
The House will hear of Mahomet the Turk.
I'd scarcely landed in the town of Calais,
When I was shock'd with tales of horrid malice;
I'm very *shore* the House wou'd feel surprise
Were I to mention half the odious lies
That were repeated by some persons there;
A barber, who was dressing *of* my hair,—
The fellow came with scissors, brush, and comb,

(A laugh.)

I left my *usial* instruments at home:
But that's no matter!—from his information
I learn'd the schemes that were in contemplation

To stop her Majesty upon her route;
And all the secret plans he spoke about
Were deeply laid. I thank'd him for the clue;
He earn'd a franc, I freely gave him two.

(Laughter.)

While reading *of* a book in my hotel,
I heard an *individghal* ring the bell.
Who might he be?—a courier from the Queen,
Despatch d to me, as some before had been,
On business, which the House will know much better,
If with their leave I read her gracious letter.

(Cries of Read! read! and No, no.)

'Tis very short; her Majesty confines
Her longest letter to a hundred lines;
Indeed, I think, she sent me half a score,
Containing only forty lines or more.

Of course her Majesty can't condescend
To write as much as any common friend,
Yet I *ashore* the House she writes to me,
As to a friend most unreserv'd and free.
I hope and trust the House, if I proceed—"

(Loud cries of question! louder cries of read!)

K—TH D—GL-S.

"Sir, as the letter may perhaps contain
Allusions, of a nature to arraign
Some individuals who have had a share
In the developement of this affair;
I do contend it ought not to be read
Till all the parties to the bar are led.
Sedition, sir, is spreading far and wide,
The writers on the democratic side
Can with a goose-quill their opponents drub,
They wield it as did Hercules his club:

Our friends they'll soon annihilate, unless
We place some strong restrictions on the press.*"

(Hear! hear! and question! Order! order! hear!)

W—d:—" No gentleman has any thing to fear,—
This letter, sir, says not a single word
About the agents of the noble lord;
'Tis written in the most familiar style,
So much so, that it caus'd my wife to smile;—

---

* It will be recollected, that this gentleman upon one occasion urged the necessity of something like a censorship on the press, without having any argument to produce in support of so odious a measure but the inequality of talent between the writers on both sides. He contended, that the journals espousing the cause of the government were beaten out of the field by the papers in the interest of the Whigs and Radicals, and therefore the freedom of the press must be further restrained by some powerful legislative enactment.

Says Mrs. W—d, 'My dear, I'm sure, (says she,)
You think the Queen far pref'rable to me;'

(A loud laugh.)

This joke was quite in her good-natur'd way,
She knows, full well, I never went astray.

(Continued laughter.)

From what I've said, the House I trust will now
The reading of this document allow.—"

The House consents; and then, with bashful tone
Of seeming diffidence, he thus goes on:
" '*Dear Mister W—d,* come to me soon I beg,
I'm now at supper, eating *of* an egg;
To-morrow morning, by the break of day,
I'll start for Flanders without more delay;
You are the friend on whom I most rely,—
I long to taste an English apple-pie.

If you detain me, I shall be undone,—
Now do, dear creature, like a race-horse run.
In my opinion you have always stood
So high, that I *ashore* you, Mister W—d,
I feel a more sincere regard for you
Than any Englishman I ever knew:
Straight to St. Omer's I intend to post,
A single moment must not now be lost;
Pray meet me there on Friday evening next—."

S-MN-R, *to order*—

"Sir, I must rise to interrupt the text;
A barber's story,—false, no doubt, as Homer's—
And an old woman's journey to St. Omer's,
With this plain question have no more to do
Than I had with the French at Waterloo.

(A laugh.)

The point on which we're call'd upon to vote,
Is, whether we shall entertain or not
A vile petition, stuff'd with all the slang
Of ribbon-weavers, a most scurvy gang.
Sir, I contend it would pollute the sack
Where purer parchment every day we pack:*
The Queen has left her tradesmen's bills unpaid,
The cash is to Bergami all convey'd."

(Order! order!)

W—d:—" The honourable member I defy;
To prove the fact, let him at once apply,

---

* It may be necessary to inform those who have never been within the walls of St. Stephen's, that there is there a capacious leather bag, which serves as a depository for petitions till they are "disposed of" in some practical way. There are none who "treat the petitions of the people with more callous indifference" than tailors, or whose *measures* more frequently prove how little respect is paid to them.

And all the claims he makes, however large,
I shall, I'm *shore,* immediately discharge.
Now, as for Bergami, I can declare
His coat and small clothes wanted some repair,
And his mustachios were quite out of trim,—
Mustachios are an ornament to him,
Tho' as for me I'm *shore* I should be jeer'd
Were I to wear two branches of my beard,
Starch'd up with black pomatum to the tip,
And then spread out upon my upper lip.
But, sir, I say that Bergami's attire
A speedy renovation did require;
When at St. Omer's, where he took his leave,
Some awkward rents I chanc'd *for to* perceive:
Why, sir, had he been well supply'd with cash,
He *shorely* would have cut a brilliant dash.

Her Majesty, in taking off her cloak—"

(Hem! Order! order! Question! question! Spoke!)

Sp--k-r:—" The honourable Alderman must see
That nothing can be more disorderly
Than for a member, by a sad mistake,
The question altogether to forsake."

The Alderman, of course, could not do less
Than make his bow, and promptly acquiesce;
This having done, he soon resum'd his seat,
Resolv'd, next time, two speeches to complete.

L-RD L--TH-R.

" One fact I can with confidence attest,
From which the House may well presume the rest,—
An equipage I saw with my own eyes
That fill'd all France with envy and surprise:*

---

* The noble Lord, at the time the provision for the Queen became the subject of discussion in the House, described, in a style

The Parisians were astonish'd at the sight
Of Bergami with twelve Arabians white,
Each horse caparison'd in burnish'd gold,
The youngest was a famous three-year-old;

(A laugh.)

His yellow carriage seem'd a glitt'ring mine,—
I never saw a vehicle so fine;
His green barouche, an emerald was set
Within a shining frame of polish'd jet;
His English chariot, curricle, and coach,
To others were a most superb reproach;
His suite, compos'd at least of twenty-two,
Were all array'd in silks of Tyrian hue,

---

of Eastern exaggeration, the gorgeous display made by Bergami at Paris. The noble lord has a fine vivid fancy, and his powers in the descriptive are of the highest order.

Emboss'd with gold, and floating in the gale,
The perfumes of Arabia to exhale.

(Hear! hear! hear! and loud laughter.)

As to himself, let it suffice to say,
That language fails his raiment to pourtray,
The blazing pendants dangling at his ears
Might once have ransom'd thousands from Algiers,
And half the gems that on his mantle green
Like daisies on the velvet turf were seen
Might have redeem'd, if sold, like stamps on wills,
A million sterling of Exchequer Bills.
Some monks beheld him and were scandaliz'd,
They view'd him as a demon undisguis'd,
A frightful fiend return'd from Palestine
With treasures plunder'd at the holy shrine.

Now, when at Paris he display'd such riches,
Why at St. Omer's had he not good breeches?
To the petition, sir, I can't assent,
'Tis wicked both in language and intent.

(Hear, hear, hear.)

BR--GH-M.

With bitterest satire, frowning on a face
Whose lines no pencil faithfully could trace,*
Br--gh-m advances from a bench that mocks
Our eyes with C-lcr--ft in the seat of Fox.
Acute as cogent, fluent as precise,
He urges no one proposition twice,

* There is a certain expression in Mr. Br--gh-m's face which defies the powers of any artist to delineate correctly. The profile likeness of him in the shops, representing him in a striking attitude on the Queen's trial, is the best I have seen, but that is by no means a perfect one.

Nor ever ventures in his wordy war
Beyond the steady impulse of his car.

"The man," he cries, "whose task is to contend
With pow'rs that all the shades of talent blend,
At any time might well appear afraid
Against such pow'rs to place himself array'd,
But their dread force, as awful he regards,
When found concenter'd in two mighty lords.

(A laugh.)

The noble viscount, in his usual style,
Has plainly sought our reason to beguile,
And sure I am the House will not in haste
Forget that speech, at once sublime and chaste,
By which his noble friend has clearly shown
That men at Paris never pass unknown,



While each gay tourist gets his destin'd share
Of splendid notoriety when there.
Yet none could hear the statements we have heard,
(For which I'm sure the house was not prepar'd,)

(a laugh.)

But must perceive, that in the soaring flight
Which vent'rous Fancy wing'd to such a height,
She learn'd from Jealousy her course to steer
Ere she was led to quit her native sphere.
At home accustom'd to the vulgar gaze
When he rides out in tilbury or chaise,
The noble lord was tortur'd when in France,
To find that Bergami had greater chance
With jaded palfreys the *haut ton* to hit,
Than he with steeds that 'champ'd the foaming bit.'

(Hear, hear, hear.)

Hence, sir, the glowing archetype he drew,
Hence the proud pageant glitt'ring in our view;
Envy propell'd his fine imagination
To riot in sublimest transformation:

(Repeated cheers, and laughter.)

Old spur-gall'd hacks Arabian coursers rise,
And rude *voitures* at once we recognize
As vehicles that challenge ev'ry maker
Who gilds the Park with fashion from Long Acre.*

---

* As there is no doubt whatever that this egregious performance will find its way to John O'Groat's House as well as to the Land's End, I think it right to inform the good people at both those extremities of our island, that the most splendid coaches, chariots, curricles, gigs, tilburies, dennets, &c. &c. displayed in Hyde Park every Sunday, to the great scandal of "serious Christians," are turned out from a certain street in the British Metropolis, yclept Long Acre.

The servants too, as wretched lazzaroni
As ever swallow'd ropes of macaroni,
Because they shine in tinsel'd tatters gay,
Like chimney-sweepers on the first of May,
Assume a more magnificent attire
Than the Grand Turk would for his suite desire.
The object of the noble lord is plain:
We find in his inimitable strain
An anxious wish to make the House believe
That Bergami was certain to receive
Whatever money to the queen was sent
While she resided on the Continent.
A charge more groundless never yet was made;
That individual punctually was paid;
But who can prove he got a single *sous*
Beyond the fix'd and certain stipend due?

Much has been said about the fine estate
He's got near Milan; and the stylish rate
In which he figures through the country round:
But what's the fact? a little patch of ground,
Not more than thirty acres, he has bought,
A rugged, poor, and unproductive spot,
As any by those abject vassals till'd
Whose numbers at the late election fill'd
The servile train that compass'd my defeat,
And gave the noble lord his present seat.

(Hear, hear, hear.)

I know not, sir, nor can I well surmise,
What the words 'moral altitude' comprise,
But, if the noble viscount wou'd imply
Exalted virtues, not attainments high,

Then I assert, (I speak, sir, as I think,)
A viscount may below a menial sink.

(Loud cheers from the Opposition Benches.)

'Tis not for me minutely to inquire
Why queens will sometimes teach men to aspire,
Nor shall I ask why kings profusely shed
Distinction proud on many a worthless head;
Princes are free from all severer ties
That would restrict them to the good and wise;
And therefore ought we to proclaim their praise,
If modest worth by accident they raise:
The noble viscount, I'm persuaded, knows
How far at court the slightest merit goes,
When found combin'd with arts that can allure,
And Protean manners seeking to ensure

The partial smile, as practis'd wiles suggest
The proper guise that can conceal them best;

(Repeated cheers.)

In these attainments Bergami can't dare
With more accomplish'd fav'rites to compare.
I shall not, sir, provoke discussion now,
About the *when*, the *wherefore*, and the *how*,
That noted person from the queen obtain'd
More mark'd regard than other servants gain'd;
A future day will clearly show the cause;
Meanwhile I ask the safeguard of the laws,
And call upon the House to interpose
Between my royal client and her foes:
She seeks no favour; all that she demands
Is fair impartial justice at your hands.

As to the motion, I can only say,
Let some oppose petitions as they may,
The cause of innocence must still prevail
O'er guilt, with Green-bag falsehood at its tail."

(Continued cheers.)

SIR J—PH Y—KE.*

"In all my life I've never been afloat
In a more crazy, wriggling, leaky boat,

---

* At St. Stephen's there are many honourable gentlemen who set up for wits with fewer pretensions than this gallant Baronet, who frequently says "a good thing" in a peculiar way. Having received a naval education, he draws abundantly on that prolific source for his humourous allusions, and very often with a happy effect. He delights in the ludicrous and extravagant; nor can he treat any subject seriously, however momentous in its character and consequences. He realizes, to a certain degree, the coarse drollery of Commodore Trunnion, but wants the distinctive attributes with which the genius of Smollett has invested that whimsical son of Neptune.

Than that in which our crew* embark'd to-night,
Because a lumb'ring schooner hove in sight;†
If thus our tars must run all risks to board
Small craft, that can no recompense afford,
While the first rates defy us in the offing:

(Hear, hear, from C-ckb-n and Sir Is--c Coff-n.)

Then I maintain that nothing can be worse
Than such a blind infatuated course;
Besides, 'tis perfect lunacy to waste
Our ammunition with such eager haste,
And leave the gun-room scantily supply'd,
When th' enemy shall give us a broadside,

(A laugh.)

---

* The ministerial party, on whose side he generally votes.

† This allusion to P-t-r is infinitely less courteous than apposite.

Now, as for Bergami, let me be plain,
On ev'ry mast, the mizen or the main,
He show'd himself an able, skilful hand,
And, when promoted to the chief command,
He trimm'd his ship so nicely to the gale,
That she could scud, while others made no sail.

(A laugh.)

With her *top-gallant* bagging* in the breeze,
He steer'd her safely through the roughest seas
To distant shores, which at no time before,
So old a frigate ventur'd to explore:
She's now laid up in *ord'nary* 'tis said,
But not at Chatham, Plymouth, or Spithead,

---

* Vela facit tamen et plenis subit ostia velis.
Virg. Æneid, lib. v. l. 281.

And in the port to which she has been brought,
She soon must fall a prey to the *dry rot.*

(Hear! hear! and laughter.)

Her captain now, the toils of service over,
Like Hatchway, anchors in a field of clover.*
Had he not been from his experience able
To suit his anchor to his strength of cable,

---

* The reader who is conversant with the writings of Smollett, as every reader must be who is not insensible to genuine humour, cannot have forgotten the truly laughable description he gives of the hunting-scene in which Trunnion and Jack Hatchway cut so conspicuous a figure. The Commodore, finding himself unable to restrain the spirited animal on which he is mounted, envies the good fortune of his friend, who, by a lucky accident, had been brought to the ground in a favourable position, and, while hurried through the meadow, where he sees Jack seated at his ease, takes occasion to utter the *feeling* exclamation of "D—n you, you are at anchor."

And with the weather made his jibs to shift,
He long ago had found himself adrift;
His stern to the Barona had been plac'd,*
Nor had his prow the Villa d'Estè have fac'd.

(Continued laughter.)

Yet safe on shore, his consequence is great;
His 'patch of ground,' sir, is a large estate.
'Tis stuff to say that like old Cincinatus *(a laugh.)*
He ploughs his farm, and plants it with potatoes.

---

* The facetious baronet observed, on a recent occasion, to a gallant admiral, who did not appear satisfied with his conduct while he held a certain office, that "had he (the admiral) been in his place he would have acted precisely in the same manner, otherwise he would have soon found himself with his stern to the Admiralty." How necessary is discretion to men who would not fight with their bread and butter, merely because it happened to cost John Bull a higher price than he was disposed to pay for it

But, by the way, that fine nutritious root,
In London taverns sold as Irish fruit,
Was not to former Cincinatus known;
A better esculent has never grown.
All this, however, is not to the question;
And, if I now might venture a suggestion,
I would advise my honourable friends
To see how far the enemy's line extends,
Before they give the signal for attack,
And risk the glories of the Union Jack."

(Loud cheers and laughter.)

He ceas'd; and coughs proclaim'd that H—g-te rose:
The motion then was carried by the "Noes."

ECONOMY AND RETRENCHMENT.

Meanwhile, does H-me, that plodding pioneer,*
His nose intrude upon R-c-rdo's ear:†

---

* Of all the men that have ever taken an active part in the proceedings at St. Stephen's, this determined opponent of ministerial extravagance is certainly the most indefatigable. It happens, however, that very little good is affected by his unwearied industry; and upon various occasions his statements have no sooner been made than satisfactorily refuted. In this respect, he may be compared to the man in the fable, who is always running about, and appears up to his eyes in business, but does nothing. His attention is chiefly directed to the details of our public expenditure, and his information, in most instances, is very inaccurate. With a greater share of self-complacency than usually falls to the lot of any man more diffident than himself, he descants upon the merest trifles, till the patience of the house becomes exhausted. He is one of those whose

† Before he brings forward any of his important propositions, he takes occasion to avail himself of the collective wisdom of his party.

The two Sir Roberts then *leni susurro*,
The one the boasted Scipio of the Borough,
The other known at Lincoln as a sage,*
He next consults,—great oracles of the age!

---

habits are too inveterate to be corrected by example, and whose opinions are too stubborn to be altered by argument. No matter what topic he takes up, he is always inaccessible to reason, always ready to oppose his perverse and prolix aberrations to the force of truth. Like Goldsmith's Parish School-master, "Even though vanquish'd, he could argue still." The only measure of practical economy that has hitherto resulted from his labours, is the discharge of several clerks, many of whom, with their families, are thrown destitute upon the world, being deprived of the little stipend from which they derived a scanty support. I think that few even of Mr. H-me's partisans will admire this species of economy, the merit of which is mainly to be ascribed to him.

* The baronet is worthy of the knight, and the knight is worthy of the baronet. They act together in the same cause, and both are staunch supporters of Mr. H-me.

B—n—t and B-r-n-l, M-n-k and Absolute,*
Whose intellects he holds in high repute,
Are also at this pregnant moment seen
Conversing with the man of Aberdeen;
Who, now deposing from the mount of sense
The brimmer large, that crowns its rigid fence,
Stands on two legs, reported to be twins,
And, with these words immediately begins;
—"Sir, after the discussion we have heard,
I *daunt*† intend to say a single word

---

* *Absolute Wisdom* is a personage so well known, that the words are quite sufficient to indicate the man. How far the designation is appropriate, Mr. Br—gh-m, the gentleman who first conferred it, is best qualified to judge; one fact, however, is certain, that many reflecting Englishmen are sceptical as to whether the sage in question can vie with a celebrated king of the Hebrews. Perhaps, Sir Mannasseh Masseh or Masseh Mannasseh Lopez, could set the matter at rest.

† The Scotch pronunciation for *don't*.

Upon that subject; but the hour will come
When I shall strike the Queen's detractors dumb.
My object now is *aunly** to remark
On points too long neglected in the dark.
It cannot be too generally known
That at this time in th' island of Ceylon
The mode of catching elephants in kraels
A charge beyond all precedent entails.
From some returns that I have with me here,
I find not less than thirty pounds a-year
Paid to a man whose duty is to see
That the young tusks sustain no injury.
What! thirty pounds a-year for guarding teeth!
When first I started from the port of Leith,

---

* Only.

Not half the money could I call my own:
The funds I had were rais'd by way of loan.
But, sir, I shall be confidently told
That iv'ry tusks, like precious bars of gold,
Are worth securing at a high expense.
This I admit; yet men of common sense
Must clearly see, that iv'ry, when 'tis got
At more expense and trouble than it *oat*,*
Is not an article that can be made
Conducive to a profitable trade.
In times like these of pressure and distress,
Men should resign the costly toys of chess,
And all the iv'ry gewgaws that they buy
At an amount extravagantly high,

---

* Ought.

Our ladies too by no means *oat* to wear
Transparent tortoise in their braided hair;
In my opinion combs of polish'd horn
Their locks would now more gracefully adorn.

(A laugh.)

Sir, I've no doubt existing in my mind,
That ministers, if they were so inclin'd,
In th' *Elephant Establishment* could make
A great reduction; let them *aunly* take
From all the kraels the useless hands that man 'em,
And they will save three hundred pounds per annum.
Besides this change, let them reduce the pay
In English coin to thirteen pence a-day
For each inspector, and at once discharge
Sixteen or more the number is too large.

But this retrenchment we cannot expect,
For patronage they'll ev'ry thing reject——."
Sp—k-r. " Does the honourable gentleman propose
To make a motion?"
H-me:—" Sir, I *aunly* rose
To state the fact; but I give *nottice* now
That this day fortnight, should affairs allow,
I shall submit a motion for returns
Of ev'ry sum that ev'ry kraelman earns;
Distinguishing the fund from which the same
Is paid each year, and specifying the name
Of ev'ry claimant, with his age and size;
The hours he works, the quantum he supplies
And whether stationed near a field or road,
Adjacent to, or far from, his abode.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

"Another subject that requires to be
Investigated most attentively
Is the profuse extravagance we find
At head and tail, before them and behind,
In the strange dress that folly could award,
To persons call'd the Yeomen of the Guard.

(Hear, hear, and laughter.)

On gala days we see them march in groups,
Distinguish'd from the ordinary troops
By ample folds of scarlet, richly lac'd,
And velvet hats with ribbons run to waste.
Why, sir, a skilful tailor with his shears
Might portion out for three huge grenadiers

Three long-tail'd garments from each shapeless vest,
And be well paid by cabbaging the rest.

(A loud laugh.)

Sir, is it possible that we can view
These glaring facts, and such a course pursue?
Sir, I contend we must, however loath,
Soon 'cut our coat according to our cloth.'

COAL-METERS.

" The house, I hope, will give me leave to add
A word or two upon a case so bad,
That language of the strongest kind must fail,
Its gross injustice fairly to detail.
It shows how far a system can proceed
By which alone the drones of office feed,
A system that, regardless of their worth,
Neglects those hardy vet'rans from the North,

My countrymen, who fought before they fed,
While lazy cockneys gorg'd and went to bed.

(A laugh.)

No Abercrombies, Douglasses, or Grahams,
Are station'd as coal-meters on the Thames.*
On these, a bold and independent race,
The partial minister confers no place.

---

* This is only one of the numerous errors into which Mr. H. is so apt to fall in the statements he makes. It is very well known, that, when any thing is to be given away, the Scotch are not forgotten, and no inconsiderable proportion of them will be found among the coal-meters. They well deserve every encouragement, for their claims are of no ordinary character; and, in spite of all the virulent antipathy of Johnson and all the malignity of Junius, a Scotchman must rank among the foremost in any country where talent is duly prized and integrity properly estimated. An excellent friend of mine, a Scotch gentleman, in whose society it is difficult to say whether one is more amused than edified, was the person who reminded me of the mistake made by Mr. H. with respect to his countrymen.

Too proud to sue, they never haunt the spot
Where the rewards of bows and scrapes are got.
But is it, sir, because a Scotchman's feet
Daun't chance to lead him into Downing Street,
Or near the Treas'ry, that he must forego
The claims of justice? Sir, I answer, no!
As clever men as ever cross'd the Tweed,
Are disregarded for a puny breed
Of stupid cockneys, insolent and vain,
Who all the places on the Thames obtain:
On ev'ry wharf where colliers land their coal,
The cockney rules with absolute control.
In short, because he has a lucky *vot**

Sir, this corrupt monopoly is vile,
And I'll give *nottice* in a little while
Of some decisive motion that shall make
The city jobbers and their masters quake."

(Cheers and laughter.)

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Sir R. W-ls-n.—"I wish that a right honourable member
Would state if, in the month of last September,
The government believ'd the fact as true,
That Eatooa,—Wanga—Rungaboo,
The king of Dahomy,* design'd this year
To summon every vassal Cobaceer†

* A kingdom in Africa, of which very little is known.

† A Dahoman chief, who makes his inferiors prostrate themselves before him with the same fear and trembling that he himself must shew in the presence of the king.

Within his realms, and send an Agaow*
With all the force the country will allow,
In aid of Turkey 'gainst the Arab Sheiks
Who ve join'd the cause of the insurgent Greeks!
From what I hear, it seems this barb'rous horde
Is set in motion by a noble lord,
Not at this moment present in his place;
To him we owe this acme of disgrace.

(Hear, hear, hear, from the opposition benches.)

The odious plot, as my informant says,
Was work'd at Abomy,† but fram'd at Fez.

---

* A Dahoman general.

† The capital of the kingdom of Dahomy.

The despot of Morocco was too vain
Not to be flatter'd by the artful strain
In which our consul sued for his compliance
As leader in this African alliance.
He took the bait, and, if I can believe
Th' intelligence I happen'd to receive,
His savage host will speedily repair
To join the Dahomans I know not where."
VAN:—" I can't, in th' absence of my noble friend,
Advert to topics which I apprehend
The house ought not to canvas at this time,
However well th' analysis may chime
With politics that censure from reports
Our close relations with those friendly courts."

(Hear, hear, hear.)

N-l-n,—" 'Tis very strange how gentlemen intrude
Such trifling matters of *small magnitude;**
And yet more strange how statements can be made
Without foundation, merely to upbraid
The just and faithful servants of the crown.
'Tis not because they gave me a silk gown
That I through life shall speak in their defence,
'For want of decency is want of sense,'
When information is so very scant.——"
"I rise to order," cries J-hn P-t-r Gr-nt,
"There is no motion now before the house."
L-rd Cr-nb-rn:—" I move, sir, for returns of all the
grouse

* These identical words formed part of the admirable speech, in which this gentleman of the "long robe" discussed the merits of a certain bill respecting the Court of King's Bench.

Consum'd in London, cook'd in ev'ry way,
From eighteen hundred to last Christmas day;
Distinguishing the females from the males,
The colour of the feathers in their tails;
The baskets that convey'd them up to town,
The vehicles that set those baskets down;*
The total number sent to the Lord Mayor,
Including days of ordinary fare;
The various places where each bird was shot,
And whether poachers trespass'd there or not."

(Ordered.)

L-thbr-dge and L-ck—rt, a distinguish'd pair,
Most worthy rivals in the fame they bear,
At the same moment caught the Sp--k-r's eye.
The former rose,—I'm sure he knew not why;

The latter, in the prurience of his tongue,
At random taking questions, right or wrong:
To pipe orations both Arcadians burn'd,
But down were cough'd, and then the house—
ADJOURN'D.

FINIS PRO TEM.

Printed by J. Mallett, 59, Wardour Street, Soho, London.

MY NOTE-BOOK

FOR

1822;

OR

THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION:

A

SATIRICAL POEM.

BY WILFRED WOODFALL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"MY NOTE BOOK, OR SKETCHES FROM THE GALLERY OF ST. STEPHEN'S."

"Ferry goot: I will make a prief of it in my Note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can."---*Shakspeare.*

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TO

RICHARD MARTIN, ESQ. M.P.

THE

FRIEND AND PATRON

OF THE

BRUTE CREATION;

WHOSE LAUDABLE EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS

DOG-FIGHTING, BULL-BAITING, BADGER-HUNTING, ETC.

ENTITLE HIM TO THE

GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION OF THAT GREAT, SENTIENT,

SAPIENT, AND SYMPATHETIC ANIMAL—MAN:

This Poem,

IN THE HOPE OF ITS BEING "MOST GRACIOUSLY RECEIVED,"

IS *MOST GRACEFULLY* INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST

OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

WILFRED WOODFALL.

TO THE READER.

An intelligent writer somewhere observes, that "Prefaces are not always read, and Dedications seldom." However this may be, kind, courteous, and gentle Reader, I have resolved not to put your patience to a severe test, in either instance. My dedication you will admit is concise and apposite, and what I have to offer, in the prefatory way, shall be equally brief and pertinent. No preface can redeem a book that has no merit; a book that has merit needs no preface to recommend it. Whether

this satire is of the former or the latter description, it will be for you alone to decide. I have written it in the spirit of candour and impartiality, heedless alike of those who are in, and those who are out of power, while commenting on the principles and peculiarities of public men on both sides. No person will deny that the subject I have chosen is a fit one for satire;—those only can form the best estimate of the merits of my portraits, who have frequent opportunities of contemplating the originals.

MY NOTE-BOOK

For 1822.

That wight am I who first essay'd in rhyme
The daring flights of P—t—r M—re's sublime,
And forced reluctant cockneys to admit
That W—d must yield to flippant Cam in wit;*
Again inspired, again I sit me down
Within St. Stephen's walls, " of grey renown,"

---

* Ille ego qui quondam, &c.

Virg.

Where late I've seen some hungry dogs at fault,
While losing scent amidst great heaps of malt.*
Old Reynard's† nose had long acquir'd the knack,
By various modes, to snuff the noseless pack;

---

* This alludes to a certain memorable discussion on a motion for the repeal of the Malt Tax, when some few among the numerous retainers of the Court found themselves at a loss how to act whether to vote for the continuance of the obnoxious impost, or to hazard their places by opposing it Yet, when "the question was put," there was only one of the whole train found patriotic enough to decide for the affirmative; and it must be recorded to the credit of the queer and quixotic Earl of F—fe, that thus far, at least, he sacrificed his private interest to his public duty.

† Little Van (I love this familiar abbreviation) has long been known at St. Stephen's as a sly fox. He is one who can always elude the staunchest beagle in the Opposition pack, as the Right Honourable George T—— has often experienced, after many a *hard run.* In fact, the vulpine qualities of this astute financier are not

Securely couch'd, he mock'd their idle chace,
Nor car'd how long they growl'd about the place.
The baffled Sportsmen gallop'd o'er the ground,
With shouts responsive to each yelping hound;

---

to be surpassed. In his official capacity, he has always contrived to reconcile the most contradictory acts under the specious plea of expediency; and we have seen him one day urging the distribution of Bibles among the nations of the earth, and the very next arranging the terms of a Lottery Contract, with the speculators of Cornhill.

N. B.—Since the above note was written, this important little personage has appeared quite in a new character; he will no longer "lisp in numbers" as the expounder of a Budget; he will no longer treat with Messrs. Richardson, Goodluck, and Co.; he will no longer be hunted and harassed at St. Stephen's· he is now Lord B——, to his great honour, ease, and dignity; but to the great mortification of Joseph H—me, according to all accounts.

Foremost was seen a most transcendent *swell*,*
As ever puff'd importance thro' Pall-Mall:
A fiery courser, from the royal stud,
Surpassing all the steeds of kindred blood,
He rashly spurr'd, as tho' some Highland nag,
Just like this line beneath him seem'd to lag.†
But, lo! what dangers wait on human life,
Down came the dashing, whisker'd Thane of Fife:‡

---

* I am indebted for this expressive epithet to the vocabulary of Mr. Pierce Egan, the erudite and accomplished author of "Life in London."

† "When Ajax strives some rock's vast mass to throw,
"The line too labours, and the words move slow." —*Pope*.

‡ The *nil admirari* of Horace, is a maxim that courtiers ought to have before their eyes at all hours; it will prepare them for whatever vicissitudes may occur in a sphere where all tenures are so precarious. The Thane had for some time basked in the sun-

Warn'd by his fate, let country squires who canter
Midst visions wild as blinded Tam o'Shanter,
Beware, lest, trusting their impetuous heels,
They fall like Fife, and suffer all he feels.
Of all the squires that figure on the plain
Where practis'd leaders *school* their docile train,
The most expert (deny the fact who can?)
Is Gaffer G—ch, the famous Suffolk man.

---

shine of royal favour, when in an unlucky hour he displayed an independence, of which till then he was thought incapable, by voting for the repeal of the Malt Tax. This was an offence not to be pardoned, and he was consequently dismissed at once from the distinguished place he had filled near the person of the Monarch. He has since descended (*proh pudor!*) to the ignoble office of purveyor of figurantes to the Opera House.

Omnium rerum heus, vicissitudo est!

Terence.

But now methinks I hear the reader cry,
"O, Wilfred Woodfall, fie upon you! fie!
Unfeeling man, to sport in wanton tropes,
O'er blighted prospects and o'er blasted hopes;
To jest, while landlords dare not ask their rents,
While Van makes Fours of all the Five per Cents!
While ghastly St—nh—pe* tolls the doleful knell,
Of England's glory, 'ding! dong! bell!'"

---

* It would require the pen of Cervantes, and the pencil of Hogarth, to describe the wailing tone and woe-begone aspect which this eccentric Peer assumed on the 21st day of February 1822, while presenting in the House of Lords a petition from certain farmers in Kent, whom he represented as involved, with their brethren all over the country, in irremediable ruin. It was quite impossible to controul the risible muscles on beholding him; for my own part, I found the impulse to laughter so strong, that all the

Patience, good reader, be not so severe,
A word by way of explanation hear;
If, on the Thames or on the Oronoko,
My plan is still *desipere in loco:*
Then cease your censure; list, while from my pate
I draw the records of that grand debate,
In which, its weighty import to enhance,
Old farmers fought with traders in finance;
Young quacks contended with empirics grey,
Each anxious still his nostrums to display,

---

solemn gravity of the woolsack was scarcely sufficient to restrain me.

Quid faciam? Sed sum petulanti splene cachino.

Persius.

And sucking statesmen ventur'd a suggestion,
Beyond the pow'rs of little Van's digestion.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

The leader of the Ministerial host,
With all his creatures punctual at their post,
Mov'd for another Committee on Grain,
Where every member might exert his brain
To medicate some potent, pleasant sop,*
The rabid mouth of growling Hodge† to stop;

---

* Melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Objecit.

Virg.

† I have used this as a generic term to designate the whole fraternity of farmers, who have for some time past been so clamorously importunate in their applications for legislative relief.

The Marquis spoke, but what a speech, ye gods,
Of odds made even and of even odds!
Of bungling bombast troped in wild array,
Of words that nothing yet all things would say;
No tongue but his had ever made before,
No skull but his had ever kept in store.*

---

* In the whole range of extravagant declamation, a parallel cannot be found for the style of eloquence which so peculiarly characterized the speeches of the late Marquis of Londonderry. It was at once turgid, vapid, diffuse, and incongruous; rejecting all ordinary modes of expression, he was always obscure, and frequently unintelligible. It will be for the future historian to descant upon his politics in a light worthy to be transmitted to posterity: with the present generation they have been best developed by the results of the memorable catastrophe which put an end to his earthly career.

THE GAFFER.*

Close at his back the Gaffer takes his stand.
Obedient to his noble friend's command.
And with his wonted pertinent address.
Descants on agricultural distress;
Affecting bold ingenuousness of mind.
As tho' his vote no Minister could bind.
"In rising, Sir, thus early to explain
The sentiments and views I entertain
Upon this question, I must first proceed
To state the tenets of my public creed.

---

* How or where Mr. G—ch came by the singular designation of "Gaffer" I am at a loss to conjecture; but he is familiarly known by it at St. Stephen's and elsewhere.

That I'm a Tory I shall ne'er deny,*
But, as a Tory, boldly I defy
The stoutest Whig in England to assert
That freedom's cause I ever could desert.

(*Hear! hear! hear!*)

Sir, I believe the King can do no wrong,
Nor yet the present Ministers, so long
As, acting on the plans of Mister Pitt,
No Whiggish innovations they admit;
But if, imprudent, they shou'd not pursue
The path he trod, nor keep it still in view;

---

* Neque me Argolica gente negabo
Hoc primum.

Virg.

Then, Sir, my voice against them will I raise,
And in loud censure lose the note of praise.
The foul reproaches cast upon my name
By factious Whigs, who gloat on spurious fame,
With proud contempt I've treated all the while,
As tho' they came from Cobbett or Carlile.

(*Cheers.*)

Now to the question—Sir, I've been accus'd,
Insulted, taunted, vilified, abus'd—
Held forth obnoxious to the British nation;
A traitor to the farming population;
Because to faction I refus'd to bend
In steady concert with my noble friend.

That labour is the sourse of all our riches
Is certain as that—(B—ng wears leather breeches.*)
Is certain as that Adam Smith is right.
(*Hear! hear! from Gr—nf—ll, M—b—rly, and B—ght.*)
Then as to profit—husbandry, we find,
Is labour of the most productive kind;

---

* I have supplied the pause which the Gaffer made here, while at a loss for an axiom. The honourable member for Middlesex has never yet been known to appear before the public without having his femoral habiliments composed of stout buck or doe-skin; indeed, so accustomed is he to wrap his nether parts in leather, that any departure from the rule, even in a solitary instance, is a thing not to be contemplated as within the limits of human probability: It is said, but I cannot vouch for the fact, that this favourite material of his breeches has given rise to some whimsical wagers, in which those who took the odds against lea-

To that our foreign and domestic trade
Are debtors for the progress they have made.
Without it, Sir, we never could have gained
The proud, exalted station we've attained;
Nor from a war, unparallel'd in story,
Come off with laurels of unfading glory.

(Repeated cheers from the Ministerial benches.)

The three estates that guard the common weal,
(* *Hear! hear! from B—nn—ng, Br—gge, and pompous P—l,*)

---

ther, for one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five, found themselves completely *done.*

* The second personage in this triumvirate no longer occupies a seat at St. Stephen's; and with his rump has gone the rump of the Addingtons: a party that would always have been contemptible.

Are therefore bound, in this distressful hour,

To aid the farmer with their utmost pow'r;

---

if they were not always too mischievous to be despised. They stuck to each other, however, to the last; each knew his part, and each had the rare merit of rendering unpopular measures still more so, by the intolerant spirit he evinced while supporting them.

Wherein great policy did lurk,
Each knew his job of journey-work.

Virgil Travestie.

With respect to Mr. P—l, who would fain be the centre of a system himself, he is one of those political aspirants whose talents have been considerably overrated, either by partiality or ignorance. Specious and formal, he never rises without an attempt at effect, and always fails most where most is expected from him. Without any claims of birth on his side, he is in politics an aristocrat of the very highest order; and the last man to make any allowance for a people who, in their impatience of oppression, are determined no longer to endure it. But this fortunate functionary ought to know, that power is not to be exercised for the advantage of the few to the

None can deny the justice of his claim,
And, as a landlord, I shou'd sink with shame,
If, callous to the hardships of his case,
I cou'd remain quite silent in my place.
Besides twere downright madness to forsake
A cause wherein one's interest is at stake;

---

prejudice of the many; and before he gave, as on a late occasion, his unqualified assent to that gross violation of international law which plunged Naples once more into a state of thraldom, he ought to have recollected that the Neapolitans would have been entitled to the rights of freemen, if they had not proved themselves cowards too abject to maintain them. For a State to prosper, it is necessary that the interest of all classes should be attended to. Has Mr. P—l, in the course of his clasical reading, never met with the following passage?

Qui autem parti civium consulunt, partem negligunt, rem perniciossimam in civitatem inducunt, seditionem atque discordiam. —*Cicero de Off.*

Self preservation, Nature's plainest rule,
No man neglects, except her greatest fool.
Sir, I'm convinced the produce of the soil
Does not repay the farmer for his toil;
He grows his corn, as th' Indian grows his rice,
Below a fair remunerating price.
But there's no earthly prospect of redress,
While peace and plenty generate distress.

(*Loud laughter.*)

Abundant harvests keep the markets low;
It always was, and ever will be so.
Sir, I stand here to represent a county
That most of all is hurt by Nature's bounty.

This fact I know is rather paradoxical,
Yet England suffers—why?—because she's dropsical;
And nothing can relieve her full abdomen
But frequent tapping—so think all her yeomen.

(*Cheers and laughter.*)

Nay, let me use a simile more apt,
She'd better be phlebotomiz'd than tapped:
Dame Nature, too munificent for health,
Has left her in a plethora of wealth.
I've neither lent my sanction nor support
To the fallacious, ill-conceiv'd report
Made by the Committee, in which, last year,
'Twas my hard lot as Chairman to appear.

'Tis quite absurd, from beginning to end,
Tho' fram'd by my right honourable friend,
Whose classic taste, refinement, and *all that*,
Are good for nothing in such nonsense flat:
His piece of work most miserably fails
In all its leading features and details.*

---

* It will be recollected, that the Report of the Agricultural Committee of 1821 was censured by the Gaffer in the most unmeasured terms. But Mr. Robinson, the gentleman by whom it was drawn up, has little to apprehend from stupid asperity. He is one of the few individuals whom all parties must respect. To undeviating principle, and talents of a superior order, he unites a bland and courteous demeanour, which is at once calculated to conciliate esteem and disarm hostility. Placed now at the head of the Financial Department, he acquits himself with great ability; and in none of his measures do we find any thing of that duplicity or evasion which invariably characterized the plans of his predecessor.

Of all Reports (and some are bad enough,)
The very worst is this egregious stuff;
No wonder, then, that furious Foxite railers
Revile us as a squad of bungling tailors,*
Unfit (*Hear! hear! from L—mbt—n and Sir Bob.*)
To execute a decent shapely job.

(*Cheers.*)

But, Sir, no part of that report was mine,
Plain facts require not language mighty fine;
And had I all the rhetoric of Burke,
I'd not bestow one trope on such a work.

---

* The Gaffer said in the House that the Committee subjected themselves to the taunts of the Opposition in consequence of their preposterous report, which might be compared to the clumsy patchwork of so many bungling tailors.

As for the men who gormandize and guzzle,

And then their rage at Ministers unmuzzle;

Scarce waiting to hear out *Non Nobis Domine*,

(*Loud cheers from Cr—k—r and Sir Francis Omm—n—y*)

They've fall'n so low in public estimation,

That none are slander'd by their defamation.

This question, Sir, the Ministers have treated

Like men whose pow'rs are not to be defeated.

My noble friend disclosed, on Friday night,

Its merits in a most convincing light;

He spoke with so much candour and good sense,

That there can be no plausible pretence

For any opposition to his views.

We find from Holland, by the latest news,—

That farmers there are quite as badly off
As here in England,—Gentlemen may scoff,
But ere they let their ridicule prevail
They ought at least to read the Flanders mail.
There are some reasons, cogent, strong and weighty,
Why corn shou'd have its *maximum* at eighty;
And while these reasons operate in force
The Ministers can't change their present course.
The honourable member for Montrose,
Who leads his close adherents by the nose,
And, like a ram at some declivious fence,
With blatant sounds expressive of his sense,
Persuades his woolly followers to transgress
The bounds that wou'd their truant legs repress,

While th' aged shepherd still with anxious look,
His chin supports upon his friendly crook.*

---

* The nominal leader of the Opposition is frequently seen in this attitude, while the sturdy Scot, who actually directs all the grand movements against Ministers, stands forth in presumptuous usurpation, to vindicate by obstinacy every arrogant claim which his impudence advances. In fact, ever since the time this Aberdeen ram has appeared among the flock, they have become altogether unmanageable. The Whig shepherd now sees them jump into pitfalls, or wander, as refractory vagrants, over ground where his prudent caution dares not venture. But, to be plain, there is every reason to believe that Joseph H—me is not quite so disinterested a patriot as Andrew Marvel, and that in usurping the place of Mr. T—rn—y he is actuated by a much stronger impulse than the mere ambition of occupying a station for which he is so utterly unqualified. He is looking for solid, substantial emolument, and the sooner he gets it the better will it be for those whom he now dins to deafness upon the slightest question relating to pounds shillings and pence

Unconscious where the vagrant flock may stray,
The perverse ram still bleating them away;
That honourable member (I shall drop
The simile on which I chanc'd to pop)
Divided us so frequently last session,
That it became a system of oppression;
And gouty members curs'd the hateful hobby
That kept them limping to and from the lobby.

(*A laugh.*)

On those occasions, more experienc'd grown,
I've not attended, Sir, I freely own;

Quod clamas semper, quod agentibus obstrepis, Heli,
Non facis hoc gratis · accipis, ut taceas.

Mart. Epig.

Nor cou'd I, for the Committee requir'd
My presence 'till to dinner I retir'd;
And then I'd scarcely time to crack a filbert,
(*A squeak from W—nn. Hear! hear! from D—v—s G—lb—rt.*)
When I was pester'd with a pack of letters,
From speculating scribes and their abettors,
Whose theories upon the price of grain
Have hitherto been scouted from Mark Lane.
The Chancellor of th' Exchequer I find,
In the resources of his fruitful mind,
Has form'd a plan, by which he means to pay
The Five-per-Cents upon an early day;
Sir, this design I cordially commend,
And hope that my right honourable friend

Will meet no serious opposition here;
As for myself, I've but one course to steer;
I'm not a man to be with doubts confounded,
When schemes of public int'rest are propounded.
To liquidate a portion of the debt,
Bespeaks at once the power to give and get;
And none will fault so laudable a measure,
Save worthless knaves, who gamble with our treasure:—
The men whose views are never known to range
Beyond the region of the Stock Exchange.
Let Jews, and Jobbers, praise up Mr. Pelham,*
But any man of common sense could tell e'm,

---

* For some time after the late Chancellor of the Exchequer had set forth his plan for paying off the Five-per-Cents, the atmo-

That Henry Pelham never knew the fit art
To frame a plan for Nicholas Vansittart.

(*Hear, hear!*)

The financiers with oblong chins and noses,
Who trace their lineal pedigree from Moses,
Against the plan, in wrathful ire may wax,—
St. Stephen's, Sir, is not St. Mary Axe.†

sphere of Change Alley was rent in reprobation of it. The most invidious comparisons were drawn between it and Mr. Pelham's plan of 1749: in praise of which every stock-jobber in the City was eloquent.

† I must here inform my country readers (as I take it for granted that this work will travel as far from the Metropolis as its notable predecessor) that St. Mary Axe is a small dirty district

This morning, on my way from Temple Bar
To Ludgate Hill, I'd not proceeded far,
When at my heels too bearded bagmen ambled,
And as their tongues o'er various topics rambled,
Says Aaron Joseph to old Joseph Aaron,
"Consols is what our people ought to bear on."
"Consols, my friend? yes," answers Aaron Joseph,
"For 'pon my life, I doubt that Rothchildt knows if*

---

in the City of London, inhabited exclusively by the sons and daughters of Israel.

* I find, in a favourite bard of mine, a rhyme very similar to this. Burns, in a poem addressed to a friend "who had sent him a newspaper," has the following couplet ·

"That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
"If Venus yet had got his nose off."

Some other plan won't give the *Cons*. a knock,—
After the *Fives,* who can be sure of stock?"

(A laugh.)

I've mentioned, Sir, this incident because
It shews how far our strongest fiscal laws
May be invaded by the lowest Jew,
When luring gain presents itself in view;
But I shall now dismiss a race so shabby,
So knavish, from the old clothesman to the Rabbi.
Sir, if I've not already, as I fear,
Fatigu'd the patience of the house—*(Hear, hear!)*
I'd fain repel in one short observation,
A gross and most calumnious imputation,

Cast on my conduct as a public man,

(*Hear, hear! from H—lm—s, the fag* of little Van*).

---

* Of all the subordinate agents of the Treasury, there is not one who makes himself half so useful to his employers as this indefatigable retainer. To enumerate the catalogue of his services would be impossible. He is always at hand to bring up any papers that may be required; and during a debate he knows by a sort of instinctive faculty, the precise moment when he can produce an effect by cheering, which he does in such a manner as to spread the animated contagion around him. But he seldom remains long in the house at any one time, for his most important duties are out of doors, and his greatest excellence consists in the promptitude with which he musters the majorities. Here he stands unrivalled; nothing can equal his activity and dispatch. I cannot help recording one particular instance of his exertions, which I give to the reader just as I received it from a northern friend, without "setting down aught in malice." On a certain occasion of peculiar emergency, he went, at the hour of two o'clock in the morning, to summon a raw Scotchman, who not having yet passed through

The radicals of Norfolk, in whose cause
A Royal Duke courts popular applause,

(Order, order! Hear, hear!)

---

his period of Parliamentary probation, was not aware that the place he held under Government had been given to him only to ensure his attendance at any hour that the Minister thought proper to demand it. The urgent herald having reached his lodgings, hastened to the chamber where he slept, and knocking loudly at the door, called forth from him the vehement interrogatory of "Wha's there? Wha the deel's there?"—"Mr. H—lm—s is here, get up at once," was the reply.

"Wha?"

"Mr. H—lm—s, I say;— how often must I tell you my name?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. H—lm—s, now I ken ye brawlie; but what's your business wi' me at this late hour?"

"Late hour, indeed! that's a good joke; why, man, you're wanted at the house, as fast you can fly to it; they are going to divide."

Assert that here I sacrifice my vote,
My own advancement basely to promote;
And that thro' all my legislative steerage,
I only seek to anchor in a Peerage.

"Ah! Sir, I canna gang, I maun bide here, my wame's na' weel, I've taken physic."

"Physic, have you? I tell you what, Sir, unless you wish to be *purged clean out of your place* before twenty-four hours, you will be *in your place* before twenty-four minutes."

The Caledonian was neither so dull of apprehension as not to understand the significant import of these words, nor so imprudent as to treat them with indifference. He therefore jumped out of bed, exclaiming, "I'll gang, I'll gang, though it's na' blithe, ganging wi' one's wame in sic a gaet." Then huddling on his clothes, and pulling his nightcap over his ears, he ran off to the "Division," and arrived just in time to save his place, and add one more to the majority. It was a dirty job.

Sir, I fling back this slander with disdain,
I seek no boon that honour can't obtain;
The Ministers deserve our grateful thanks,
(Hear, hear! from canting B-tt-rw-rth and B-nk-s.)
The nation must rejoice to see them in,
And I'll support them — yes, thro' thick and thin.

(Loud cheers.)

So long as rich exub'rant crops abound,
No remedy for th' evil can be found;
But shou'd the ensuing harvest greatly fail,
Then corn, of course, wou'd have a rapid sale.
Much has been said, both in and out of doors,
About some plan for hoarding grain in stores,

And making th' over quantum of supply
Correct the market when the price is high.
Such forc'd expedients can effect no good;
The test of time they never yet have stood.
Sir, as to th' av'rages, tis my persuasion
That they're exactly suited to th' occasion:
And I'm convinced that were the House to strike
Another scale, we very soon shou'd like
To change it for the scale existing now.
But time will not of more remarks allow."

The Gaffer ceas'd;—the Sp—k—r left the chair,
He went a moment—ask not, reader, where?
Meanwhile all eyes were fix'd upon the space.
Where C—ke was wont invariably to place

That "fundamental feature"* of his frame,

Which here, methinks, 'twere needless I shou'd name:

But C—ke was absent—why or wherefore say,

What cou'd have kept the yeoman chief away,

And let F—sh P—lm—r's semilunar phiz

Serve as an ugly substitute for his;

While purblind gazers still mistook the heading,

And Holkham's Lord found in the man of Reading?

Love, softly stealing in a genial hour,

Detain'd him dangling in his "Lady's bower."

---

* "I shall now *embark* into the *fundamental feature* of this case."

Marquis of Londonderry.

A fair, whose cheek the bloom of eighteen wore,

With transport filled the swain of seventy-four.*

---

* It is no rare occurrence for an old man to marry a young woman; but when an individual at the very close of life takes to his arms a girl young enough to be his great grandchild, nature and common decency revolt at the union. The great Whig satrap of Norfolk has done this, and proved to the world how a man may forfeit in one short hour all that character for wisdom, prudence, and sound discretion, which for upwards of half a century he had been studious to acquire. This indeed is one of the most striking instances upon record of that extraordinary influence which our immortal bard ascribes to love—if love that can be called, which is to be regarded only as the last impulse of infatuated sensuality.

"O, Spirit of Love! how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abasement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical."

Shakspeare.

Empyreal fancy bore him in her flight
Thro' all the raptures of the nuptial night;
Thro' all the fitful ecstasies of bliss
That print the first and seal the closing kiss.
Asleep, awake, his soul was kept on fire,
His midnight visions glowed with fierce desire ;
And oft his Anna did he seem to find
In wanton dalliance on his breast reclined ;
Oft did he dream her playful fingers trac'd.
In tickling track, the flannel round his waist ;
As oft did feel those well known fingers cull
A locket's prize from his denuded skull.
At such an hour, cou'd he endure to seek
The clam'rous scene where W—nn delights to squeak ?

Where all the dulness of poor stupid M—nn—g
Is volunteer'd to aid the wit of Canning?
Forbid it, ye malignant Pow'rs that war
With Nature's laws, her sacred rights to mar;
Forbid it, all ye wrinkl'd slaves of lust,
That rave in passion while ye sink to dust:
Forbid it, all ye oldest, sensual brutes,
The prototypes of Queensberry and Coutts.

C—RW—N.

The Chair resum'd—then C—rw—n rising nigh,
With bobbing bow, first caught the Sp—k—r's eye;
His pair of hands across each other laid,
Fall where methinks they should not be display'd;

And by the fork his ample breeches tug,
Responsive to his shoulder's graceful shrug:
As, pouncing on the question, he proceeds:
"Sir, England soon will be a waste of weeds,
And all her farmers starving beggars made.
If we neglect to lend them timely aid.

(Hear! hear!)

Sir, in the county which I represent
No land is till'd; no landlord thinks of rent:
And farms that once with cultivation smil'd.
Are now as savage, desolate, and wild,
As any tract by wand'ring Indians trod;
(Hear! hear! cries L—th—br—dge with assenting nod.)

The Bill which I last session carry'd through,*
Has done as much as such a Bill could do;
But the repeal of one obnoxious tax
Is not enough—nor ought we to relax,
Till we bring candles, leather, soap and salt,
Not only to an equal scale with malt.
But rescue them completely from th' Excise:
A measure, Sir, both reasonable and wise.
Sir, this remission, if effected soon,
Would prove a most consolatory boon;
And sure I am we ought to feel asham'd
Of taxes on the articles I've nam'd;

---

* The Bill for the repeal of the Agricultural Horse Tax.

Disgrace, to think that England should allow
The sweat descending from the peasant's brow
To be amerc'd, ere he can wear a shirt,
Redeem'd by soap from all its weekly dirt!!!

(Hear! hear! hear!)

Disgrace to think that, at the close of day,
The poor mechanic is obliged to pay
A certain impost on the wretched light
That guides the lengthen'd labours of the night!
But with these evils why a moment pause,
Nor instantly remove the baneful cause?
I may be deem'd a politican shallow,
In stating that the cause is Russian tallow;

But, Sir, I say this proposition rests
On grounds as strong as truth itself attests.

(*Cheers and laughter.*)

I'm sure the House will evidently see
That, when arriving almost duty free,
Large fleets of tallow swell the teeming tide,
The dire effects are felt on ev'ry side.
The grazier sows his pasture lands with grain,
And gluts the glutted market o'er again;
'Till, finding hopeless all his toil and care,
He gives up cultivation in despair.
This state of things is dreadful to behold:
And, Sir, I ask, is any man so bold

As to suppose that England can exist,
If Ministers will mulishly persist
In measures that to Russian vassals give
The very means by which our farmers live?

(*Hear! hear!*)

If no one else the task will undertake,
I pledge myself, here in my place, to make
A motion, which, if carried, will revive
The nation's hopes—now scarcely kept alive.
'Tis my intention on an early day
To move, that we an ample duty lay
On all the tallow brought from the Ukraine,
And other parts within the Czar's domain.

Sir, British tallow is superior, far,

To any tallow sent us by the Czar;

Yet strange to say! this Russian tallow holds

Complete possession of our candle moulds;

And ev'ry chandler's boiler, since the peace,

Both night and day has foam'd with Russian grease.

While British tallow—"

SP—K—R.

"The honourable member, to my view,

Does not appear exactly to pursue

The proper course that Order would permit,

In thus advancing all that he thinks fit

Upon a question which, from what he states,

Another period of discussion waits.

If, as I hope, I'm rightly understood,
The House will see that if a question should
Be superadded to a question brought
Before the House, that question not being thought
Analogous in reference to acts
Or principles that illustrate the facts
Which form the subject-matter of debate,
A course like that disorder must create.
I trust the House will clearly apprehend
The point to which these observations tend;
No honourable member should disgress
Beyond the proper arguments, that press
Upon th' immediate question entertain'd;
And tho' the practice sometimes has obtain'd

More latitude and freedom than it ought,
'Tis always with great inconvenience fraught."

C—RW—N.

"I bow to th' admonition of the Chair:
But I protest I thought it only fair,
In stating whence the grevious evil rose,
To state the remedy I'd fain propose.
The Russian serfs are like voracious pikes;
(*Hear! hear! from Attw—d, Br—ght, and Daniel S—k—s;*)
They swallow up the produce of our fields,
And gulp down all that agriculture yields:
In vain our bloated oxen do we feed,
In vain promote the best and finest breed

Of plump fat ewes, no butcher comes to buy;
And Smithfield stagnates—ev'ry man knows why
A duty, Sir, of twenty pounds per ton
On Russian tallow—"

SP—K—R.

"The honourable member will, I hope,
Desist from still indulging in that scope
Of argument, which would anticipate
The sev'ral facts he purposes to state,
When he brings forward, in its proper place,
His promis'd motion on the special case
To which the substance of his speech applies,
But which till then the House can't recognize."

C—RW—N.

A few words more, Sir, and I shall conclude.
No man can be less willing to intrude
Extraneous points of argument than I;
But when our soap and tallow-chandlers buy
Imported tallow, ninety-five per cent.
Below the price that can ensure us rent,
It did not seem, according to my notion,
That what I said was foreign to a motion
Expressly brought to seek and ascertain
The means to raise our farmers once again.
Pernicious projects, passing all belief,
Have been proposed as off'ring sure relief;

One project lends six millions to the poor,
Which loan, it seems, the poor rates must secure!
Sir, no device could possibly be worse,
The specious boon would prove a deadly curse;
A sum so large on agriculture spent,
Would multiply all produce to th' extent
Of total ruin, nor could human aid
Redeem us from the ploughshare and the spade.
Sir, I maintain that nothing can be done,
Unless we lay full twenty pounds per ton
On Russian tallow; this alone, I'm sure,
Is th' only safe and practicable cure
For evils which, if not remov'd in haste,
Will, as I've said, leave England soon a waste.

R—C—RDO.

He clos'd in tallow; but who next appears,
To tire the patience of indulgent ears?
Lo! tis R—c—rdo!* hear the drawling note
That comes discordant from his stricted throat.

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* The present is the age of political theorists, and in a sphere where each individual sets himself up as the founder of a school in political science, Mr. R—— occupies a conspicuous station. It is strange, however, that the nation still complains of deriving no practical advantage from the knowledge even of the most experienced of those who profess to be adepts in the economy of public affairs. Never was there more said or less done, more specious professors and fewer useful proficients, than at this moment

Sortitur sibi quisque fidem sibi quisque magistrum
Nunquam plus fidei perfidiæque fuit.

Ausonius.

Mark well his visage, sallow, hard and thin,
His eyes in search of his protruded chin,
The outward man disclosing all within;
As thus commencing he essays his part:
" Sir, I admire not arguments that start
From premises which have no solid grounds,
For such a course with fallacy abounds.
Distress proceeds from multifarious causes,
Therefore th' experienced politician pauses
Before he gives unqualify'd assent
To theories of limited extent;
And least of all the doctrine can he swallow,
That such disasters flow from Russian tallow;



Sir, I contend that were we to impose
A higher duty than we can suppose,
On ev'ry ton of tallow we receive,
It never could materially relieve
The British farmer; nay, Sir, I maintain
That were we altogether to restrain
This Russian tallow, we should still behold
The same distress; for if the price of gold
Bears not a fair proportion in the scale
Of other things, distress must still prevail.
But let me be correctly understood,
Taxation, duly modified, is good,
While acting as a stimulus to trade,
The burdens are in proper order laid;

And in proportion as all taxes press
On manufactures, so we find distress
Abated in the manufact'ring tracts,
In which th' Excise with greatest rigour acts.

(Hear, hear!)

Thus leather, though severe a tax it pays,
Oft seats the tanner in a splendid chaise:
And, turning to the shoemaker, we see
No London tradesman better off than he.
Suppose that he could well afford to take,
For ev'ry pair of shoes he chose to make,
Five shillings, if he had no tax to pay—
Why, Sir, what then?—Why, Sir, the tax, I say,

That makes him sell at an augmented rate,

Raising the price perhaps from five to eight,

He finds productive in a high degree;

Nor can he wish for leather duly free,

So long as ample profit he derives,

And with the progress of taxation thrives.

(Cheers, and laughter.)

Now, calculating on the lowest scale,

I take the common ordinary sale

At th' av'rage rate of sixty pair a day,

Where shops do business in the larger way;

Then I'll suppose the profit on the tax,

Deducting for th' expense of hemp and wax,

To be at least about a groat a pair;—
This gives us, on a computation fair,
For sixty pair a sterling pound precisely,
(I like to make my calculations nicely;)
And if three hundred days we take to be
Th' av'rage period of his industry,
The individual we shall find to clear
By taxes full three hundred pounds a year;
Besides the ample profit that accrues
Upon his stock distinct from fiscal dues.
This principle I hold to be the same
In all things where th' Excise can make a claim:
And its effect is always to enhance
The price of labour as the rates advance.

Hence public wealth accumulates, unless
The principle is thwarted by excess;
I mean, Sir, by unlimited production.
One leading cause of that extreme reduction
Which prices have experienc'd for some time.
Opinions on this subject may not chime;
But ev'ry man not void of human reason,
Who marks th' effects of each succeeding season,
Must own that Autumn, if too rich, may bring
More evils than an unproductive Spring.
'Tis quite absurd to say that any nation
Was ever yet impov'rish'd by taxation.*

* This is one of the extravagant propositions which Mr. R—— advances with determined hardihood. How far he is supported in

Now, coming to the Five-per-Cents, I'd fain
With brevity my sentiments explain
Upon the plan devis'd for their extinction;—
And here, Sir, let me draw a wide distinction
Between it and the plan of 49,
When Mister Pelham furnish'd his design.
The measure, Sir, of 49, I view
As far more just than that of 22,

---

others I leave it to those to say who are more capable of understanding them than I profess myself to be. He is ambitious of singularity, and likes to hear himself talk on points that defy the comprehension of minds less prepared for abstract subtleties than his own. In this respect he follows implicitly the advice given to *Malvolio* in the play:

—Let thy tongue tang arguments of state;
Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

Shakspeare.

For while it bound the claimants far and wide
Between two proppositions to decide,
It gave them ample time to make their choice,
Consulting as it ought the public voice;
The present plan does nothing of the kind:
It urges with precipitation blind,
Involving all the parties in confusion
Ere they can bring their minds to a conclusion.
In principle it seems not ill conceiv'd,
And if some emendations it receiv'd
In two main points, negation and admission,
Wherein we find a palpable omission,
It might perhaps be useful in its way;
But to what length I'm not prepared to say.

The question, Sir, before the House is one
Which, though most irksome, I shall never shun:
There are included in last year's report
Some solid maxims which good sense import,
And if the document contain'd throughout
Maxims so cogent and remote from doubt,
I should pronounce it foremost in the list
Of all the precious records that exist.
But candid truth obliges me to state,
That, as it is, it loses all its weight;
For with the soundest principles I find
The falsest doctrines stupidly combin'd.

(*Hear, hear!*)

How strange! that men assembled to confer
Upon this subject, shou'd so grossly err,
As to put forth a strong recommendation,
That England, in her present situation,
Should fix her countervailing duties so,
That they should be invariably as low
As to reduce th' expense of produce here.
To any scale that haply might appear
The standard of those continental states,
Where tenures are as veering as the rates!
This proposition certainly implies
A system neither politic nor wise,
But, on the contrary, a baneful scheme,
Pernicious and destructive in th' extreme.

An honourable Member might have spar'd
Th' unwarranted reflections we have heard
On "financiers, with oblong chins and noses;"
If th' honourable gentleman supposes
That Hebrews are a "mean and shabby race,"
I fearlessly shall tell him to his face
That he's in error. Sir, I know them well,
And in my *conscience* think them to excel
Communities whose scrupulous precision
Denounces all who practise circumcision.
In early life it was my lot to share
Th' unmerited indignities they bear;
And, in th' adoption of another creed,
My feelings are not so completely freed

From prejudice, as to remain unmov'd,
When facts are stated which cannot be prov'd
Against the chosen people of the earth,
To whom I owe my kindred and my birth."

(Cheers.)

THE GAFFER EXPLAINS.

"' Sir, I protest I did not know till now
What th' honourable Member does avow;
And, if my mind could have surmis'd the fact,
I'd not have said what now I can't retract."

SIR I—S—K C—FF—N.*

" As for myself, I've met in life's long journey
Ten honest Jews, but never one attorney.' (*A laugh.*)

---

* This gallant son of Neptune is completely out of his element

Attorneys, Sir! their charges who can pay 'em!!
(*A sulky smile from old Sir Jemmy Gr—h—m.*)
A most consummate villain in Gray's-Inn
Advis'd me once a lawsuit to begin;
This I declin'd; and tho' I promptly gave
His six and eightpence to the hoary knave.
He three years after brought me in a bill
Of twenty pounds, which he asserted still
I ow'd for consultations in the street,
Though I declare I only stopp'd to greet

---

at St. Stephen's. He fires occasionally a random shot at a passing question, and apes the style of his brother tar Sir J—s—ph Y—k, but can never expect to equal him as a technical humorist.

Old Latitat with, "Well, Sir, how d'ye do?"
Can this be matched by infidel or Jew?

(A laugh.)

When I was off the Coromandel Coast,
But for a Jew our ship wou'd have been lost;
The fellow's father lived in Bevis Marks.*
Two most voracious, most tremendous sharks,
Had gnaw'd two holes three feet below the stern,
Through which they squeez'd their heads, as I cou'd learn,
And while half in and smelling round for slaughter,
Became so jamm'd as to keep out the water.

(Repeated cheers and laughter.)

---

* One of the purlieus in the vicinity of St. Mary Axe, which has been already noticed.

Then Levi (so the Israelite was call'd)

Below the hatches to the boatswain bawl'd,

Who as the ship was getting under sail,

Noos'd both the sharks, and held them by the tail.

(*Hear, hear, hear!*)

The fact was so, though gentlemen may doubt it,

But now I'll say not one word more about it."

LORD ARCHY.

Tall, gaunt and grim, Lord Archy now stands forth,

The champion of his brethren in the North;

Scotch burghs his theme, he proses an oration,

To shew that all the farmers in the nation

Must trace to Baillies and to Deans of Guild,

The causes why their pockets are not fill'd;

And hopeless still he thinks must be their case,
'Till Burgh reform, his fav'rite scheme, takes place.
List while the power of eloquence he tries:
"Sir, I've observ'd the present evils rise,
And am convinc'd, most positive indeed,
That the grand cause exists beyond the Tweed;
One noxious cause can countless mischiefs nourish,
And Scotland is the country where they flourish!
The northern agriculturists, 'tis known,
Were always wont to give the leading tone
To all the frugal practices by which
The English farmers hitherto grew rich;
But, Sir, the Scottish cultivator now
Gives up the useless labours of the plough,

Perceiving that all industry is vain
Where all its fruits Burgh magistrates obtain;
And men that were most provident before
Are now regardless of their little store,
As their condition ne'er can be improv'd,
Till odious Burgh abuses are remov'd.
Th' example soon is follow'd in the South,
And farmers forfeit all things to the mouth;
Their capital exhausting ev'ry day,
By eating and by drinking it away;
Thus the Burgh system spreads from place to place,
A principle to ruin and debase.
All Scotland feels—(*hear! hear! from long Sir Ronald,*)
(*Hear! hear from H—me, M—le, M—xw—ll, and*
M—cd—n—ld;)

I say all Scotland feels with burning shame
Her rotten Burghs a scandal to her name,
And reprobates, with loudest discontent,
The mass of fester'd foulness they present.
Sir. in the burgh of Cupar, as I'm told,
The Council seats are barter'd, bought and sold,
And no man can expect an honest Jury,
If tried within the pale of Inverury.
As to Montrose, Brechin and Aberbrothoc,
To represent them would have sham'd a Cossack.
'Till, through my honourable friend behind,*
They broke vile chains that could no longer bind,

* The sturdy and sapient J—s—ph H—me, Esq.

And sent him here to vindicate their rights,
The foremost in the cause in which he fights.
Need I recal that most disgraceful scene
So recently expos'd in Aberdeen,
Where self-elected magistrates sat down,
Resolv'd to rob the coffers of the town,
And swept away, with one outrageous dash,
Almost two hundred thousand pounds in cash?
Nor was this all—to consummate the deed,
They pass'd a resolution, which decreed
The Burgh insolvent, there being only found
Enough to pay three half-pence in the pound.
Can we then wonder when corruption thus
Through all the North diffuses noxious pus,

That in the South its foul effects should spread,
And from the farmer take his daily bread?
But some will say, in strenuous vindication
Of men disgrac'd by plundering peculation,
" The magistrates of Aberdeen have spent
The public money with the best intent;
By them the town has been improved anew,
The streets enlarg'd,—yes, and the harbour too;
Three bridges built, besides five spacious docks,
Scoop'd out from solid congregated rocks."
All this affords us no excuse whatever,
'Tis but a futile, impotent endeavour
To palliate a villainy so base
That ages can't its turpitude efface.

Admitting, Sir (which I can never do)
The plea of grand improvements to be true,
It still must fail to justify a measure
Which thus despoil'd the town of all its treasure.
We know that rogues in specious schemes will join,
To screen them while they plunder and purloin.
The bard of nature, Caledonia's pride,
Had surely truth and reason on his side,
While satirizing, in his "Briggs of Ayer,"*
Official knaves, whom no good man could bear;

---

* The following, it is presumed, are the lines which Lord A— alluded to, and they are perfectly apposite:

"Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douce
Meet oure a pint or in the Council house,

Sir, let us not deceive ourselves this night,
The state of things can never be set right
While sixty-six infectious Burghs command
Sufficient sources to pollute the land;
If anxious to afford the farmer aid;
If anxious to give impetus to trade;
If anxious to secure what yet remains;
If anxious to project for future gains;

But staurmel, corkey-headed, graceless gentry
The herryment and ruin o' the country;
Men three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your wie-hain'd gear on d—d new brigs and
harbours."

Burns.

If anxious, Sir, (and what can I say more?)
The nation in full vigour to restore,
We must destroy a system that absorbs,—
(*K—th D—gl—s grins, and so does Charley F—b—s;*)
Absorbs the produce of the people's toil,
By some few miscreants made prescriptive spoil;
We must in fact agree to Burgh reform,
Else brave the vengeance of a furious storm."

LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.

Vapid as vulgar, Scotia's "learned Lord"
Provokes me now his lingo to record;
Lingo which Goths might vindicate as pure,
Too gothic for St. Stephen's to endure.

With accent, manner, gesture, air and tone,
Allow'd to be peculiarly his own,
He proves that ev'n Lord Archy shan't dismay
The dauntless dulness of Sir Billy R——e.*

---

* Some persons get into situations nobody knows how, though every body sees how totally incompetent they are to fill them. It would excite surprise, that the individual now acting as His Majesty's legal representative for Scotland should ever have been raised to that office, if it had not been proved in the person of his predecessor, that even the ordinary qualifications are no longer considered necessary to the discharge of it. Yet the more eminent the station, the more glaring appears the incompetency of the party; and in this respect what the poet says of the absence of virtue will equally apply to the absence of talent:

Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.

Juven.

" *Surr,* quoth his learned Lordship as he rose,
In *sartin* truth I never did suppose
That any member could so far *defee*
The bounds of *mortle* probability
As to *assart* here, standing in his place,
That in the precognition of a case
Wherebee the causes of distress are *larn'd,*
The Royal Burghs of Scotland were *consarn'd.*
The noble Lord, however, has set *oot*
By stating, that the *soobject* we're *aboot*
Must be *refarr'd* to that *particlar* cause,
And would upset the *fundamentle* laws
By which the Burghs from *immemorle* time
Have been maintain'd. The noble Lord may climb

To *popplearity* by such an act,
If his ambition by this House is back'd;
But, *Surr*, I hope we never shall behold
New doctrines so far supersede the old,
As that his Lordship may *rejice* to see
The smallest chance of a majority
Upon a *queshtn*, *broat*, as I can guess,
For *radicle* reform, and nothing less.
The most *extremest* case that could be urg'd
To prove that Burghs if tainted should be purg'd,
Affords not one sound argument with me
For charges which no plea can *justifee*.
The *functioners* of Aberdeen have set
A proud example, though they owe some debt;

So much, *Surr*, have they *beautifeed* the *toon*.
That Scotland will have no place like it soon.

(*Hear, hear!*)

The noble Lord is *totely* wrong all through;
He takes a false and most *mistakin* view
Of circumstances, which he *magnifees*
To *shoot* his purpose, while he *vilifees*
As worthy men as any to be found,
In *simlar* stations, through the country round.
He'd make the English heritors believe
That Burgh Reform would their distress relieve.
Was ever proposition so absurd?
I think it most *ridicklus*, on my word.

Both *queshtns, Surr*, are plac'd so far asunder,
That nothing but the most confounded blunder
Could bring them in *particlar* close relation.
What *signifees* all *mortle* observation,
If, by *experence*, people will not *larn*,
Correct from false positions to *dissarn*?
The Bill which I shall shortly introduce
Will leave no fair or plausible excuse
For pressing the Burghs *queshtn* ever after,
A *sartin* theme for ridicule and laughter.
Surr, in the Burghs I'm sure there are not many
Notorious *irreglarities*, if any ;
And as to slight excrescences, we know
'Tis *immatarle* if they sometimes grow

Upon the surface, when the frame is found
In *parfect* order, healthy, strong and sound.

(*Hear, hear!*)

The noble Lord is anxious for a change,
Which must so far the Royal Burghs derange
As *sartinly* to compromise their charter,
That ought to be like th' Order of the Garter,
Safe and select, by *radicles* unstain'd,
And through all ages *scruplusly* maintain'd.
Of this one fact I'm sure and *satisfeed*,
That if pernicious principles can breed
A wicked *projny*, they can breed no worse
Than *radicle* reform, that *mortle* curse.

The honourable Member who sits here
For Aberdeen, would make his case appear
A glorious triumph in a glorious cause,
Deserving *singlar* credit and applause.
But, *audee alt'ram partem*, let us see
What does this glorious triumph prove to be?
His present seat he never would have got,
Had it not been for his own casting *vot*.
Surr, I'll sit *doon* observing *joost* once more
The very same as I observ'd before,
That the Burgh *queshtn sartinly* can't bear
Upon this motion. *Surr*, 'tis most unfair
To mix them up together in one dish,
'Tis what no *rashnal*, sober mind could wish ;

The rage for innovation through the land
Is *diabolicle*, I understand;
Missioners of democracy extend
From John O'Groat's as far as the Land's-End.
They stun the nation with their furious rant —
(*Hear! hear! from Joseph and John Peter Gr—nt.*)
Surr, I'll sit *doon*, but not because my ears
Can take the slightest umbrage at these cheers:
I'll always speak as hitherto I've *spokin*,
And let this speech be *takin* as a *tokin*."

GR—NF—LL.

Gr—nf—ll must rise, for Gr—nf—ll entertains
A higher notion of his tongue and brains

Than any man from Exeter to Glasgow,
So arrogantly confident is Pascoe.
In attitude a finger-post he stands,
Yet pointing with but one of both his hands;
The other sticks adhesive to the mould
Of his queer beaver, which he loves to hold
Closely compress'd between his side and arm.
While thus he gabbles: "Sir, there's not a farm
All over England but could pay a rent
Much higher than the landlord is content
To take at present; why, Sir, I well know
That market prices now are rather low;
But I can see no such depression yet,
In spite of all the taxes and the debt,

As that the farmer can't afford to dine
On good roast beef;—yes, Sir, and drink his wine.*
The fact, Sir, is that he himself can't see
The full extent of his prosperity.

(*Hear, hear!*)

Distress prevails in some degree, 'tis true,
But if we take a fair, impartial view

---

* Pascoe is one of those unsympathizing, political economists, who think that the farmers have no reason whatever to complain of the state of the times. On the contrary, he is persuaded that, notwithstanding the embarrassments they have experienced, they are still the most favoured class in society, wanting only the consciousness of their own good fortune, to render them completely happy.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas!

Virg.

Of our resources, we shall find the nation
Enrich'd beyond all human expectation ;
Our trade and commerce prosper far and near.
Our manufactures flourish, as we hear ;
And money is so plenty in the land,
That any man may have it at command.
If good security he can provide,—
For loans are scarcely ever once denied,
Where solid property is pledg'd to pay
The lending party on a future day.

(*Hear ! hear !*)

Here then are proofs irrefragably strong,
(Let gentlemen correct me. if I'm wrong.)

That this great nation still abounds with wealth.
Though she's been cheated as it were by stealth.
In 97 the currency receiv'd
A greater shock than we could have believ'd;
The precious metals quickly disappear'd,
And paper issues flow'd, as might be fear'd,
In such profusion from Threadneedle Street,
That one-pound notes were found beneath our feet;
Hence prices rose as money tumbled down,
And half a guinea fell to half a crown.
The standard gone, a vicious circulation
Produc'd by an unnatural creation,
Fictitious wealth; and men were seen in gigs,
That, otherwise, might have been herding pigs.

(*Hear, hear!*)

Yet still the Bank their countless heaps increas'd,
But with the war the vicious system ceas'd;
And then it was that people could behold
The true effects of paper and of gold.
The Bank resolv'd their discounts to curtail,
The moment that their notes began to fail;
In keeping up, as in the time of war,
The paper pound negociable at par.
Foremost among our evils would I rank
A selfish, unaccommodating Bank.
Sir, if the Bank discounted as before,
When paper on the money market bore,
The farmers now would be as mute as fishes,
For things would go in concert with their wishes.

There are two points on which I wish to touch,
Not meaning, Sir, on either to say much;
The first involves a question which to me
Appears important in the last degree.
Why are not, Sir, (let somebody explain,)
The balances that with the Bank remain
Made applicable to the public cause?
The Legislature surely should not pause,
But with the greatest promptitude decide
Upon a measure which can best provide
The practicable remedy we seek.
Sir, let me not be understood to speak
From any feelings of invidious spleen;
For though I'm not, I'm sure I might have been

A Bank Director, had I deign'd to sue
In the same servile mode as others do.

(*Cheers.*)

Sir, while this proposition I advance.
I should be sorry if by any chance
My sentiments and motives were impugn'd.
For in this House they've always been attun'd
In perfect concert with my duty here;
But I shall say, without the slightest fear
Of contradiction, that, at such a crisis.
When farmers call like bullies for high prices.
We ought by some provisionary law
The balances immediately to draw.

Is any man so bold as to deny
That we can to the public use apply
The fund in question? Let him, Sir, come forth,
And shew us what his arguments are worth.
I ask the House, by what prescriptive right
The Bank withholds our money, in despite
Of ev'ry claim that justice can maintain?
Why, Sir, the thing is palpable and plain.
The Charter gives no title of the kind,
And if a vicious usage has assign'd
A lawless sanction to presumptuous pow'r,
We ought not, Sir, to lose a single hour
In wresting from profess'd monopolizers,
Who grasp at pelf like avaricious misers,

Money, that, if judiciously laid out,

Would put an end to the tumultuous rout

Of meetings that disgrace our county halls.

Where frantic clamour shakes the very walls.

But yet I fear that all attempts were vain

To satisfy the agricult'ral train.

What would these *farmers*, upward would they soar,*

And, little less than *gentry*, would be more?

The second point to which I've made allusion,

Is one that, ere I come to a conclusion,

I wish to mention for the nation's sake,

(Hear, hear, he–ar! thus cheers Sir Francis Bl—ke;)

---

* What would this man, now upward would he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more?——*Pope*.

Old ordnance stores* have now become a trade,

In which some jobbers have large fortunes made;

A shameful practice at the Board prevails

Of making private and not public sales."

SP—K—R.

"The honourable member seems inclin'd

To urge a point that does not, in my mind,

---

* It is strongly suspected that Pascoe himself deals largely in those articles. He is certainly right if he can derive a profit from them; there is no reason why a member of St. Stephen's may not turn old brass, copper, or metal to his advantage, as well as any other man. Any thing for the ready penny, according to the homely adage:

—— Lucri bonus est ordor ex re
Quâlibet.

Juven.

Upon the subject of discussion bear."

G—NF—LL.

"I'm certain I shall satisfy the Chair,
That, while we're in the question of distress,
A member may consistently digress,
To state a fact collaterally tending
To illustrate what he has been defending.
This principle I always shall uphold,
That partial int'rests ought to be controll'd,
In cases where the public are involv'd;
And here, Sir, I declare myself resolv'd
In ev'ry instance boldly to oppose
The jobbing system; the late Mister Rose.

A man of great experience people say,
Observ'd to me familiarly one day,
"I can assure you, Pascoe, that these jobbers
Are private knaves as well as public robbers."

(Hear, hear!)

'Tis certain that the question of old stores
Has caus'd a great sensation out of doors;
The public voice indignantly is rais'd
In reprobation; and, Sir, I'm amaz'd
That Ministers, tenacious of their places,
Against monopolies don't shut their faces.
Once more, Sir, let me to the Bank return.
Is it for men contemptuously to spurn

All propositions that don't harmonize
With sordid schemes, whose meanness we despise?
Sir, from the course they've hitherto pursu'd,
I think the Charter should not be renew'd,
Unless with strong provisions well defin'd,
Enforcing conduct of a diff'rent kind.
The law at present has defects most glaring.
(*Hear, hear! from P—r—se and Alexander B—r—ng.*)
This question, view'd in all its close relations,
Would here demand more lengthen'd observations
Than I can offer, fearing to encroach
On time and patience; yet while I approach
To a conclusion, let me still conjure
Those who profess our int'rests to secure,

Never to think that they can justify
Their public conduct to the public eye,
So long as they persist in patronizing
A system noted for monopolizing.
Sir, if we fail to bleed our bloated Bank,
I know the country must get lean and lank."

(*Hear, hear!*)

S—RG—NT. ONSL—W.

Down Pascoe sat—up rose a sapient wight,
'Yclept S—g—nt Onsl—w, he stood first in sight:
And while Sir Watkyn fumbled in a flutter,
Secur'd at once the prior claim to sputter.
At Dusseldorf, or somewhere else, I ween,
A head upon the public pump I've seen,

Like that which Onsl—w carries on his shoulders,
With gaping mouth the gaze of all beholders;
And as that pump, like other pumps profuse,
More water squirted than was drawn for use,
So squirts the S—rg—nt, in a turbid stream,
A thousand times more words than suit his theme.
But let the genius of St. Stephen's tell
What theme it is on which he loves to dwell;
On which he wastes, with each returning year,
More vapid speech than Job himself could hear.
The Us'ry Laws! methinks the very sound
Bespeaks the dull, reiterated round
Of tiresome cases, tedious, stale and trite,
Which the sage pundit never fails to cite.

His hobby drives him, nor can he refrain
From now indulging in his wonted strain,
When each empiric a Lycurgus grown,
Would fain set up a system of his own.
" The day of reck'ning, Sir, is come at last,
And to a crisis we're approaching fast.
I've long foreseen it, and predicted here
Those dire disasters which we've cause to fear;
But we may yet avert the fatal blow,
If Truth and Reason hand in hand will go;
With fav'ring Fortune marching by their side,
And prudent Caution acting as their guide.

Sir, to be plain (for figurative speech
Is plac'd, I find, too far beyond my reach),

(*Hear! hear!*)

The only safe and efficacious plan
Is to repeal the stupid Act of Anne,
Forbidding people to dispose of money
As they dispose of butter, cheese and honey;
That is to say, upon a scale of price
Which, if the House would follow my advice,
Should have no other standard than demand:
A principle that all could understand.
The nation, Sir, I know abounds with cash;
But monied people will not be so rash,

As to supply the needy with a loan,
Unless on terms decidedly their own.
" Our case is woeful!" ev'ry farmer cries.
" I doubt it not," my sober mind replies;
But wherefore this? the cause is clear and plain;
The wicked laws, that capital restrain.
Sir, I say "wicked," for such legislation
Has spread around us hideous devastation;
Without preventing usury and fraud.
The Puritans decapitated Laud,
Because of his attachment to a Crown,
Which those vile rebels panted to pull down.

(*Hear, hear!*)

Yet no archbishops since his days have shewn
The slightest opposition to the throne,
Save and except in some few cases, where
The Church herself forbad them to forbear.
Long may our mitred Clergy thus display
A docile disposition to obey!
Long may we boast that our right rev'rend Bench
Emits no fetid, puritanic stench!

(*Cheers and laughter.*)

This argument seems rather out of joint,
But yet may serve to illustrate the point.
Is Us'ry now less common than before
Those Acts were fram'd—which I, for one, deplore?

Quite the reverse—for, at this very hour,
The money-lenders prove they have the pow'r
To plunder people with rapacious claws,
In spite of all the force of penal laws.
If Lucian's snarling cynic,* once again
A parole from old Pluto could obtain,
He'd hear the same that he before was told,
When asking how th' affairs of mortals roll'd?
'Επιορκοῦσι,† τοκογλυφοῦσιν;‡
And bare fac'd knaves ὀβολοστατοῦσιν.¶

(*Loud cheers and laughter.*)

---

* Menippus.

† They perjure themselves.

‡ They set down on tablets the money given out at a usurious interest.

¶ Practise usury.

These noisy cheers one certain truth bespeak,
A gross and stubborn ignorance of Greek.*
If men there are in learned knowledge *minus*,
Not vers'd in either Homer or Longinus,
(Here, by the way, let no man think me wrong,
In making *minus rhythmi causâ* long,)
They should at least with decency attend,
And not deride what they don't comprehend.

---

* As some of the gentlemen of the "long robe" may be sceptical upon the point of their learned brother having quoted Greek at St. Stephen's, I can only refer them in confirmation of the fact to Mr. Alderman Christopher Smith, who took down the very words at the time, and afterwards repeated them at a civic feast, to the great amusement of all who were present. Alderman Brydges drew out a Lucian from his pocket, and volunteered a translation of the whole passage: but the present Lord Mayor told him it was unnecessary.

My object is, to let the nation see
That our own cash at our command should be,
Free as our nightcaps! Sir, the House must know
How many cases in the courts below
Convince us daily that restrictions fail;
Fee simple, freehold, copyhold, entail,
All property now yields a certain bribe
To the nefarious, hateful Hebrew tribe.
Sir, England opens an exhaustless mine
To th' impious, outcast race of Palestine.
(Loud cries of Order! louder cries of Hear!)
These epithets I know may seem severe;
But milder language I shall ne'er employ,
In talking of those wretches who destroy

The hopes of thousands, through the ready aid
Of laws design'd to counteract their trade.
The Jew cares not for penalties a straw,
With fraud familiar he defies the law;
Born but to practise villainous chicane,
He tries all arts his object to attain,
And laughs to think that statutes could prevent
An Israëlite from making cent. per cent.
In Hilary term, the year I now forget,
A rule was granted, in a case of debt,
To set aside a verdict which a Jew
Had got against a Christian tailor, who
Had borrow'd at a most enormous rate
Three hundred pounds, upon a small estate,

Which the said tailor to the Jew assign'd,
Till means of liquidation he could find.
Now, Sir, the tailor, and the tailor's wife,
Were both conjointly seiz'd in fee for life
Of the estate; but so hard bound was she,
That all her acts were liable to be
Revers'd and cancell'd, if the husband chose
Upon his affidavit to depose
That she had practised conjugal controul,
In making him a party to the whole.

(Hear, hear!)

It so occurr'd that, yielding to her sway,
He sign'd a contract on a certain day

With Mordecai (for so the Jew was nam'd),
Of which a Jew himself might be asham'd.
However, Sir, there was existing still,
According to the tenor of a will,
A previous lien on a part or share
Of the said property, which, in the care
Of two trustees, was vested for a niece,
And younger grandchild, share and share a piece.
Such lien to the parties gave a right,
Which rendered null, and vitiated quite
All subsequent agreements for a sale,
Transfer, or mortgage; Lord Chief Justice Hale
Has rul'd the point; but Mr. Justice Grose,
Who tried the case, was rather at a loss

To comprehend how far the will involv'd·
Restraints from which one party stood absolv'd;
For the testator left this point obscure,
And Mordecai believ'd himself secure.
In East 200, Burrow 93,
I find two cases which appear to me
Important, where a complicated deed
Affords each party ample room to plead.
In Maul and Selwyn 12, 77 Vesey—"

DICK M—RT—N.

" Order, order! the Sergeant must be *aisy.*
The learned member's brain is like a boat,
That's water-logg'd as soon as set afloat,

He tacks, and shoves, and shifts, in various ways.
At last he founders in the common *plays*."

THE SERGEANT.

" Sir, I contend I'm quite in order—yet
The honourable member seems to let
His fancy get the better of his sense.
In playing off his wit at my expense.
Before he mock'd *my* brain, he should have known
In what degree we estimate his own.
If reason only proves the brain of use,
How many a man has shown himself a goose!"

(Hear, hear!)

DICK EXPLAINS.

" I'm neither, Sir, a goose nor yet a gander;
And, Sir, I hear with great surprise and *wander*,

Such language utter'd—language which, elsewhere,
Of course no gentleman would ever bear."

(Order, order!)

THE SERGEANT.

" Sir, I disclaim the use of any fuel
That possibly could burst out in a duel.

(Order, order!)

My words contain'd no personal allusion;
I deprecate disorder and confusion.
I shall proceed no further with the case
That I have cited; but here, in my place,
I now shall say that, if we don't abolish
The Us'ry Laws, they will in time demolish
The whole foundation of our public wealth.
Rapine goes on with secrecy and stealth;

And, Sir, conviction comes *incessu tardo.*
Else the exchanges (*Hear, hear! cries R—c—rdo*),
Since the resumption of cash-payments might
Have taught the world that all my views were right.
If money were allow'd to find its level,
The money-lender could no longer revel
Triumphant in his infamous career;
Nor should we nightly through the Session hear
Long stories told of woe and desolation,
Of fruitful farms thrown out of cultivation,
And tenants left as paupers on the nation!

(Hear, hear!)

Scotch Burghs, large crops, the Bank, and Russian tallow
Are dim perceptions, fit for owlets callow,

Though us'd by members fledg'd in hoary age,
As arguments most lucid, sound, and sage.
The House will learn, perhaps when 'tis too late,
My proposition to appreciate.
I look to truth, Sir, as my polar star.
An honourable member (mister W—rre,)
Whose patriotic energies have been
Incited by his friend of Aberdeen,
In my opinion will not act amiss
If while he sifts our mission to the Swiss,*

---

* This alludes to a motion on the part of the shrewd and sagacious Mr. W—rre for an inquiry into the appointment of one of the Wynns as Minister to the Swiss Cantons. The appointment itself has always been looked upon as one of the foul excrescences

And all its sev'ral incidents expounds,
He states precisely the specific grounds
On which his motion stands in its relation,
To laws that here affect the circulation.
Whereas the Cantons—" (Cantons, he repeated,
'Till coughs and sneezes forc'd him to be seated).

L—THBR—DGE.

L—thbr—dge stands up, and so does Colonel D—v—s;
Each seems to call out *utrum horum mavis?*
But lo! the man of Somerset obtains
The Sp—k—r's sanction and th' arena gains.

---

from the last Grenville job,—a job which has placed that prostituted party in a still more odious light before the Public than that in which they had already appeared.

'Tis very odd—nay, marvellously strange,
How prone are even the steadiest men to change,
When their own int'rest is the test to try
The firm adherence of their constancy.
Sir Tom once mov'd Sir Francis to the Tower,
For daring to impugn a certain power;*

---

* It cannot be forgotten that the Somersetshire Baronet was the person who moved that the Westminster Baronet should be committed to the Tower, for presuming to question the power of the House of Commons in a certain notable instance. At that period Sir Thomas regarded Sir Francis as a furious agitator, whose political creed was to be held in abomination. But times have since materially altered: agriculture is no longer the profitable pursuit it was during the war, and therefore Sir Thomas, as a great landed proprietor, is no longer an ultra-loyalist. Nor has he been

But now Sir Tom will *radically* rank
Among the staunch supporters of Sir Frank.
" Sir," cries Sir Tom, " I've heretofore upheld
A system which in my belief excell'd
All other systems in the whole creation,
Fram'd and contriv'd to make a happy nation;
But now, I find, Sir,—find it to my cost,—
That while my thoughts, in admiration lost,
Saw nothing but perfection in each part,
Corruption foul was at the very heart.

(*Hear, hear!*)

---

content with merely abjuring his former opinions: he has absolutely become a *radical*, and is now among the first to cry out for reform. What a *consistent* loyalist! what a *disinterested* patriot!

Our Ministers, to serve the basest ends,
Have sacrific'd their most devoted friends.
Impell'd by some iniquitous design,
The landed int'rest they have left to pine,
And rais'd all other int'rests in its place,
To their own black, indelible disgrace.

(*Cheers.*)

Sir, if the men whose stake is in the land,
Will not unite and make a powerful stand
Against the men who now direct the helm,
Destruction must the whole of them o'erwhelm.
Sir, what protection has the farmer now?
Why, none at all, as all men must allow.

Can he, with prices daily getting lower,
Hold competition with the foreign grower?
'Tis worse than downright madness to suppose it—
The thing's impossible—the market shews it.
In what condition must the nation be,
When there are found so many men like me,
With idle, useless, lost, neglected acres,—
The tenants fled, and none to become takers?—
But whence this ruin?—Ministers can tell;
The baneful cause they doubtless know right well.
Sir, any man, except an idiot born,
Who only looks at th' import price of corn,
Must be convinc'd that Ministers have shewn
All other States more favour than their own.

The grievance, Sir, of which I most complain,
Is the low duty laid on foreign grain;
A duty which gives foreigners the power
To inundate our market ev'ry hour.
Yet Ministers are obstinately bent
On keeping up this source of discontent;
Because, forsooth, our fiscal regulations
Must not be too severe for other nations!
The argument is futile and absurd;
It might be answer'd in a single word—
The word "taxation!'—Th' English nation pays
More taxes than the universe could raise.
No where on earth a people can we see
Oppressed with burdens in the same degree.

Then how, I ask, do Ministers expect,
While only foreign int'rests they protect,
That British int'rests possibly can thrive?
They are the most un-British men alive.

(Hear, hear!)

The remedy which I'd at once apply,
Is to lay on an import tax so high,
That foreign corn, except in time of need,
Should be excluded; why should Britons feed
On any bread not made from their own grain?
They never ought to do so, I maintain;
Save when the harvest is too poor and scant
To meet the urgent calls of pressing want.

Moreover, Sir, with one decisive blow,
We should strike off those imposts, which we know
Must always keep the landed int'rest down;
(*Hear, hear! from C-r-w-n, G— ch, and D-n-s Br-wn.*)
But this great end can never be achiev'd,
Till better maxims here shall be receiv'd;
Till boroughs which disgrace the King's dominions,
Shall cease to send us ministerial minions.

(*Cheers.*)

I can't forbear, Sir, now I'm on my legs,
From noticing the cargoes of French eggs
Which constantly are landed on our shores,
And come to market in ten thousand scores.

This shameful interference with the sale
Of native eggs no longer should prevail;
It must *pro tanto* prejudice a class,
Whose present hardships nothing can surpass.
A word or two upon another case,
Too awful to be slighted in this place.
Our vital int'rests, all that we hold dear;
Our Church, our Rights, our Liberties—(*Hear, hear!*)
Are at this hour insidiously attack'd:
Though some may doubt it, I'll maintain the fact.
In Ireland, Sir, (but yet I know not where,
Except it be the county of Kildare),
A Jesuit Junta for the last ten years
Has been at work, as palpably appears

From letters sent me by a reverend friend;
Sir Harcourt Lees, a man who, I contend,
Has stronger claims to all our approbation
Than any man of all the Irish nation.

(Hear, hear! and a laugh.)

Those, who by cheering, fain would show their wit,
May cheer away as long as they think fit;
The great divine, whose merits they impeach,
No power of human ridicule can reach;
His anxious zeal allows him not to sleep,
While papal spies their plotting vigils keep;
He tells me, that the satellites of Rome
Have into these reform'd dominions come;

For what?—for one grand object and design,
The Church, and State, and King to undermine.

(Cheers.)

But, Sir, unless we make their plots miscarry,
(*Hear, hear! from Br-wnl-w and from Colonel B-rry;*)
We shall prove traitors to our country's cause,
And sacrifice our religion and laws.
Can Ministers in tranquil silence rest,
While treason's hatching in an Irish nest?
While th' eggs are rip'ning, while both night and day,
Loyola's sons are spreading wild dismay?
And all good men are full of perturbation,
At seeing them in a state of incubation?

(Cheers and laughter.)

An apathy so criminal as this,
Shews conduct most disgracefully remiss;
If Ministers will thus abuse their trust,
We must impeach them, Sir,—I say we must."

(*Hear, hear, hear!*)

D—CK M—RT—N.

"Sir, I declare, upon my word and honour,
As I'm inform'd by Mister Owen O'Conor,
Now better known, Sir, as O'Conor Don,
(This title runs, I'm told, from sire to son),
There's not a single Jesuit in Kildare,
But merely one old solitary pair,
Who keep a school for little boys and youth;
That is the fact and nothing but the truth.

(*Laughter.*)

The honourable member should be neuter,
Respecting an old priest and his coadjutor,
For both are men of probity and worth;
If they were not, I never should stand forth
To vindicate them from the charge of *traison*,
A charge that mocks our common sense and *raison*.
Poor Father Simon Flanagan I've known
For many years; he once liv'd in Athlone;
And I can safely say before this House,
That he's as meek and gentle as a mouse;
A mouse as soon could undermine St. Paul's,
As he could sap the venerable walls
Which all around the Constitution stand,
To guard it from each bold flagitious hand.

The other priest is equally as mild,
And knows no more of *traison* than a child;
His learning's great, for never could they rank a
More famous scholar in fam'd Salamanca.
So much for Jesuits. Sir, the subject matter
Before the House has caus'd much idle clatter.
Let farmers bawl and bellow as they will,
How can this House assist them by a Bill?
Must we employ our legislative powers
To make the market suit them at all hours?
'Tis arrant nonsense to suppose we should;
(*Hear, hear! from B-nn-t, M-nck and Matthew W–d;*)
If they can't get high prices, why we know
They must of course content themselves with low.

In time of danger, when a ship's at *say*,
When dreadful surges sweep the masts away,
Could not the Captain mighty well afford
To fling one half the cargo overboard,
As th' only method to secure the whole?

(A loud laugh.)

Let gentlemen their risibles controul,
And not confuse or agitate my brain,
While the clear *maining* clearly I explain.
I say that farmers, when they get a shock,
Just like the play-house men at nine o'clock,
Should take one-half, and freely lose the other,
To save both halves,—so once did my own mother!"

(Cheers.)

AN IRISH ORANGEMAN.

Coarse, crude, and stupid, impudent and vain,
An Orange bully blusters in a strain
Worthy the organ of a Corporation,
Too vile, too base for further degradation.
Ex uno disce omnes – let one sample
Suffice for all ; here, take it *per* example.
" I can't be silent, Sir, on this occasion.
In 96, before the French invasion,
The Irish croppies us'd to meet in gangs,
And launch out into treasonable harangues,
In the same tone that English yeomen now
Their rank rebellion publicly avow.

(Cheers.)

No man on earth abhors as much as I,
The Jácobins that to this House apply,
In language quite sufficient to disgrace
Mere Irish Papists; Sir, I'll boldly face
The present question, and proclaim to all
What Mister Jacob* said at Killinaul.†
A man he was, as steady, sound and true,
As ever wore the orange or the blue;
I heard him say, when down in Tipperary,
'John Bull I'll swear has join'd the Virgin Mary,

---

* This man rendered himself notorions in 1798, as one of the most furious partizans of Orangeism in the part of the country where he resided.

† A town in the county of Tipperary.

In other words, the Papists who invoke her,
Have like Freemasons exercis'd the poker
On his posteriors '—(*Order, order, order!*)
Sir, I beg pardon if I've chanc'd to border
On any word not perfectly in tone;
But, Sir, the words I quote are not my own—
'Therefore,' said Mister Jacob, 'do we see
The Papists and the Radicals agree
In one design against the Church and King;
'Tis but for this they now together cling.'
Such were his words, and who shall here dispute
Facts which no human logic can refute?—
When common cause rebellious ruffians make,
Their bond of union is the wish to shake

The Crown and Mitre off the heads that wear 'm.
(*Hear! hear! from both the Members for Old Sarum.*)
At tithes and taxes furiously they rail,
Convinc'd that while these lawful dues prevail,
The throne and altar will be sure to stand.
The owners, Sir, and occupiers of land,
Whose foul petitions smell so strong of treason,
Brawl out complaints without the slightest reason.
Farmers should not, in any instance, budge
Beyond the sphere in which they're doom'd to drudge;
Nor once indulge the proud, presumptuous hope
With nature's true-bred gentlemen to cope.
Their daughters too,—fat wenches stout and rough,
Instead of silks, should wear plain homely stuff;

Yet while they rival ladies in their dress,
Their fathers talk of nothing but distress;
Why don't they to congenial labour turn,
And leave the grand piano for the churn?

(*Hear, hear! and a laugh.*)

Sir, as to Ireland, I'm too well aware
That misery always has existed there,
And always will, till strong corrective vetoes
Destroy the growth of Pop'ry and potatoes.

(*Cheers.*)

Compar'd with these the plagues of Egypt seem
But fretful fancies of an idle dream;
When lice and locusts over Egypt swarm'd,
Pharoah became prodigiously alarm'd;

But what, I ask, must be his consternation,
If reigning now as king of th' Irish nation,
He saw his country subject to the power
Of filthy Popish harpies, who devour
An esculent that grows but for their prey,
The curse of nature by some fatal sway?
Potatoes cause such procreative habits,
That Popish females breed as fast as rabbits.

(*Laughter.*)

Hence Popish beggars through the country spread,
Like maggots crawling on a carcase dead.
Hence too a base deteriorated coin,
Bad as before the Battle of the Boyne,
When Popish James put forth his burnish'd brass,
Stamp'd and devis'd for sterling gold to pass.

There is a coin in Ireland call'd a *fipenny;*

(*Hear, hear! from C—lcr—ft, and Sir William De Cr—sp—gny;*)

A coin by Popish friction so rubb'd down,

That ten score pieces are not worth a crown.

Besides all this, the priests are so inflam'd

Against the Church, that they have always aim'd

At its destruction; nor have they been loath

To take a most abominable oath,

Pledging themselves upon the Popish creed

Never to rest till they have done the deed.

(*Hear, hear!*)

The priests have caus'd (these cheers shan't stop my mouth)

The bloody deeds committed in the South.

Urg'd on by them, the monsters of the bogs
Have kill'd poor Protestants as they kill hogs.

(Repeated cheers, and laughter.)

Why, Sir, I've heard that a ferocious monk
Exclaim'd, with transport, "*En! absolvo hunc!*"
When he beheld a savage Papist draw
His reeking knife from underneath the jaw
Of an old sexton, who left, as he fell,
No neighb'ring sexton to proclaim his knell.
The Popish peasants, like wild tigers, watch
With murd'rous fangs their hapless prey to snatch.
False to their species, they have lost all right
To rank as human creatures in our sight

Nor will they cease o'er bloodiest schemes to brood,
Till force shall change their religion and food."

(*Continued cheers.*)

The doughty champion of a hateful band
Thus clos'd the wild invective he had plann'd;
But his opponents treated with disdain
The gross inventions of his brutish brain;
E'en his own party were asham'd, to think
How low his vulgar, vicious mind could sink.

W—ST—RN.

Loud cries of "Question!" now were heard around,
Yet W—st—rn rose, regardless of the sound;
Firmly he stood, presuming on his strength,
Till his impatient auditors at length

Subdu'd to silence, on the benches doz'd,
While th' Essex member without mercy pros'd.
His speech embrac'd all topics, from the day
When first the Bank were authoriz'd to pay
Vile paper, as a substitute for cash,
Down to the day when, by a sudden dash,
They pour'd out sovereigns freely from their bags,
To banish old depreciated rags:
Measures which he with vehemence decried
As fraught with ruin, spreading far and wide.
The Bank Restriction Act he thought a scheme,
Whose shocking baseness nothing could redeem;
But the Cash Payments Bill appear'd an evil
Sent forth from Hell, concocted by the Devil.

"Paper," he said, "had so involv'd the nation,
That now to stop was downright desperation;
And no man but a most consummate ninny,
Would wish to see a sovereign or a guinea."
Authorities he quoted, great and small,
From Adam Smith, yea ev'n to Webb Hall;
Confuting and disputing he proceeded,
Nor Time's imperious admonition heeded;
Till having wasted two long hours and more,
His failing wind compell'd him to give o'er.

L—NN—RD.

The man of Essex scarce had closed his lips,
When, placing both his hands upon his hips,
L—nn—rd stood up, withstrange unmeaning air,
And bobb'd his vacant caput at the chair.

Poor, shallow creature! he mistook his weight,
In his extreme avidity to prate;
Assail'd with coughs and clamour from each side,
The pelting storm he dar'd not long abide;
Again he bobb'd as he had bobb'd already,
Because in sooth his pate could not keep steady;
Yet, maugre bobbing, none would hear his speech,
Therefore at last he downward bobb'd his breech.
The Sp—k—r then for th' "Ayes" gave his decision,
When P—t—r M—re bawl'd out for a division;
They did divide, and th' "Ayes" were five to one;
So now, good reader, for this time I've done.

FINIS.

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